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JUNE 11, 1979

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Editorial

The class of '79: scanning the classifieds, lying low and looking out for No. 1

By Peter C. Newman

There's no seismograph sensitive enough to measure the fissures between generations. But reading Jane O'Hare's evocative group profile of this year's university graduating class (page 32), it's difficult not to recall my own college days. We were the class of '61. We published no journals and shared few causes, growing up separately, unaware of one another, copying down insights automatically from our professors. It was a grey and ebbing time. All we wanted was a chance to apprentice ourselves into Canadian society as quickly and lucratively as we could.

Then came the turbulent Sixties, promoting youth into a new New Aristocracy. Campus styles and values set the tone and tempo for North American life. It seemed as if nearly everybody was trying to emulate the hang-loose ethos of the college radicals, especially the beards of their proletarian costumes and the rhythms of their "gather-us-together" music. The generation gap widened into a moral chasm across which the kids kicked their elders with unalloyed disdain.

The late Seventies student is everything the Sixties rebels never wanted to become. This season's 82,000 graduates are low on political consciousness and high on achieving the good marks they will eventually lend them into the good life. The New Left has turned

into the New Right, as they compete for the best offers in a competitive job market. Gentle desperadoes, their job-hunting often leaves them fearful and frustrated.

But I like to think that the class of '79 won't repeat the mistakes and shortcomings of my own graduating group. For one thing, they're far less glibbie than we were. There are few robes among the young. The world has been too much with them to allow the kind of unquestioning acceptance of the parties and pretensions of their predecessors. They possess a secret we didn't have when we were cramming for our final exams: that the middle-class values for which they are newly qualified are a whole lot less satisfying than they seem. That they can trade off their energies and imagination, their vitality and knowledge for meaningful convictions from the past, they'll be using them. That it's always a lot more fun to fight City Hall than to join it. That more is not always better, that efficiency and possessions are not necessarily the ultimate goals of human activity.

I hope the new grads won't adopt without thought the exhausted values many of us accept as gospel; that they will remain true to those impulses for reform that are part of the forward thrust of any new generation. They will lose their opportunity for making Canada a better place to live and work, only if they abandon their quest.



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that has an off-putting exclusiveness about it, as though it were saying art is not for everyone."

He talks his own fiction extremist. And though Garp is popular by people who may not exist in the real world, such as the Ellen Goodman who not only her tongue to protest rape, but can be found in the real world, in different guises. "I think of what I did in Garp as taking something real and taking it to a

the Guyana shyness because it was right up my alley. It was my kind of thing, you know. That offends me." His nostrils flare like an angry snout. "The moral virtue that blazed the front of every, every, with cold counts and stoic—well, one really did have a feeling the media loved it. They couldn't get enough of it. And it's at that precise moment if you told a joke, it's the people who understand least what happens to

being, which is mostly writing. "It may sound simplistic, but you just gotta tell the truth—even though a novel is a bunch of on-the-other-hand messages. And I feel that a very moral responsibility of my novel is to write about people as we think they are, not as we think they should be. I'm very much against moralistic fiction. I hate political fiction with a passion. Fiction is more about politics. It lasts longer and it's less hysterical. In the book I wanted to make Garp and Jerry as personal and as individual as possible and then have them assassinated by a kind of group thinking. I've always thought that assassination was morally indefensible. It's heinous because it's so intellectual."

His feelings about personal fiction are equally accurate. "I remember reading with terrible indignation a review of a book by Gad Gudwin (a friend of Irving). Clearly a feminist, as any intelligent woman should be, she still can't be described as a writer of feminist novels. This reviewer said that Nina Gudwin was a terribly good writer—as if this were a good—but said that those kinds of women were not the kind we need to know about today. You can only think only imagine, if someone like that were reviewing Virginia Woolf's *Mrs. Dalloway*. What the f— would they have said about that?"

He hasn't lost his anger, the point about, immediate dress and single words are descriptive. And success, in particular as it has been, how I needed his cynicism. Which is why, he's pinning up for an onslaught of criticism against his next book. "Every failed writer believes a successful one has told out. I hope I'm wrong, but let's face it—quite regardless of whether *The Hotel New Hampshire* is a good book or not, it will be largely put down. The book the whole world is watching. Will he be able to sustain the success? Will people expect another Garp? This will be no Garp."

He insists. "But people who don't read Garp until after all the headlines might come down as it. Reviewers who couldn't get their heads into Garp might use this one to say what an overrated piece of s— Garp was. Whatever I write will be caught in a spiral. But that's an inevitable position to be in. So what?"

Henry Miller wrote in *Tropic of Cancer* that "art counts in going the full length." That could, in part, define Garp living and his New England townies. *The Hotel New Hampshire* will doubtless be the work according to John Irving, who'll still be calling them as he sees them. ☐

other people today who would be most uncomfortable to a joke. The only thing one can do is that someone is tell one of the sickest jokes one can think of, really."

Living a head of gallows humor is, he says, "a kind of masochism" for the things that happen to us. His editor, Henry Babin, attributes Garp's success to "its basic affectionate tone, similar to *The Catcher in the Rye*. It's about the danger we all go through in daily life and it's not sentimental." Robbins knew Garp was going to be a best seller after he read the first three chapters of *Leviathan* and *Servant* (the book's former title, some people in the business thought the present title wouldn't sell). Robbins is surprised and disappointed that Garp didn't be the National Book Award.

As for John Irving all that matters is getting along with the business of



Irving and his son. "It may sound simplistic, but you just gotta tell the truth."

logical extreme. I wanted to make people who were extremely inviolable and visit upon them the worst things I could imagine. It's an old newspaper principle: you learn to love and care for the characters. Robbins (Middown, former tight end for the Philadelphia Eagles) was my test character. I felt that if I could take a transsexual and make her seem like everybody's best friend—just a good old boy—then I succeeded. "Garp is not broader to me. I think it's the way things are. I'm apalled, for example, at the virulence of the reactions to the Guyana thing. What the f— do we expect? I mean it's no surprise to me that all those people drink Kool-Aid and command one person to exterminate and look at it as a religious duty. I wanted to know if I would like to cover

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The PQ government and the myth of anti-Semitism

Sneaked on the hotel bed behind Michael Yarosky as he gazed 20 stories down into the chiseled concrete of Quebec City are fresh editions of the provincial capital's *Le Soleil*, Montreal's *La Presse* and a waiting copy of *The Jerusalem Post*. The language is appropriate: Yarosky is a militant Zionist, an ardent supporter of Russian immigrants to Quebec and the political, interesting past of Montreal's Jewish elite. He cringes at being called a lobbyist. Yet, in his own words, always cautiously curled like eggs against a vigilant inner light, Yarosky says "I spend half my time in Quebec City developing relationships with key political personalities and key opinion makers." So, in the vulgar parlance of politics, Yarosky is a lobbyist.

His business card reads: Director General, Jewish Community Research Institute. Behind that blood-curdling card is the considered worry of Quebec Jews. Funded by the Canadian Jewish Congress and Allied Jewish Community Services, the research institute was created in September, 1971, because, says Yarosky, "The Jewish community did not have links with the Parti Quebecais." Now there is one. Yarosky

The early-greying, 35-year old spends the other half of his time in Montreal where he reports back in to a 13-member board of directors chaired by food-chain executive Arnold Bronsberg and including the Jewish community's most visible warrent, Segarm's president Charles Bronfman. It was Bronfman who offended many Quebecers on the eve of their 1978 provincial election by saying that a victory for René Lévesque would mean "the destruction of the Jewish community."

There was never evidence to support such fears but Bronfman's headlined severity set off a hysterical series of attacks of Quebec anti-Semitism in North America's English-language press. The worst was in the February, 1978, issue of the U.S. National Jewish Monthly. A lengthy lament for Montreal Jews—written from Toronto—included volatile affirmations such as this: "Montreal's Jews feel the dark shadow of the Holocaust hover above them and their reactions are influenced by the possibility of history repeating itself." Jewish leaders were quick to realize that such excesses are invading in Quebec francophones and the Canadian Press British condensed the article as "insensitive, inaccurate and inflammatory."

Yarosky: debunking the age-old fears

Few are better placed than Yarosky to judge the security of Jews in Quebec: he has made a career of being Jewish in Quebec, climbing his way up the jungle gym of power as a manager of Jewish community institutions. He speaks French with a potatis *franco-pare* accent. Now, as his two-year assignment as Quebec lobbyist comes to an end, he will become executive vice-president of the Jewish National Fund of Canada and travel the country soliciting donations for projects in Israel.

Yarosky's assessment of Jewish experience in contemporary Quebec: "I find the association of the government or the people of Quebec with anti-Semitism, glib, irresponsible and hollow. When people compare this government to Nazi phenomena, I think those comparisons are obscene and totally anachronistic. Most importantly, they cheapen the memory of the Holocaust."

The blame for Jewish anxiety, he says, lies with the community's traditional "insularity and isolation." One cause is Quebec's religious school system which divides children by language and religion and once forced even French-speaking Jews from North Africa to send their children to English-language Protestant schools. Because, according to Catholic school boards, Jews are Protestants. Not, however, is the Protestants until recently, Jews paid Protestant school taxes but were not permitted to participate in school board elections.

That is the essential injustice of French Quebec's reputation for anti-Semitism: evidence of anti-Jewish prejudice exists, but an extensive survey of Montreal Jews by Yarosky's research institute led to a surprising conclusion: "The clear indication is that Jews feel that anti-Semitism among French Canadians is less than among English Canadians."

Montreal's First British President Conrad Shattuck calls Yarosky "a damned brilliant boy," but regrets that so far "what he says just hasn't reached the members of the community." The government, too, has welcomed Yarosky's Russian rule. "I guess it's because I'm so comfortable with my Jewishness and because I'm also comfortable with French Canadians that I have no difficulty in bridging the gap," concludes Yarosky. "If I felt Quebec society was such that my Jewishness had to be taxed, if I felt uncomfortable walking around with books on Jewish themes or uncomfortable being a very strong Zionist, I wouldn't be here."

David Thomas

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The 'give-away man' of the North moves on

By Susan Rogers

He had a habit, as he happened across the tundra, of promising a fire truck to one settlement and a school in another. After 32 years as the first resident commissioner of the Northwest Territories, Stuart Hodgson, as his final tour of his Arctic domain, couldn't resist making a few parting promises, a half-day holiday for one settlement, a free coat of paint for a community hall.

In his early days, they called Hodgson "the give-away man." He was not so much an administrator as a benevolent monarch, and his departure, to a new post in Ottawa with the International Joint Commission, marks the end of what Freighter Bay Mayor Bryan Pearson calls "the Reign of Stu the First."

The last called him *Usungrak* (Inuktitut for much-ox and, in the vernacular, an affectionate nickname). So far, they don't know what to call his successor, the former deputy commissioner, John Parker. But one thing is clear: From now on, the answer to questions of self-government and wise administration in the Territories will never be as simple as a new coat of paint.

Griset Pond, 1,300 miles northeast of Yellowknife, is Canada's northernmost community. The population of 86 is mostly native—except for the beer—and the means of survival are still hunting, trapping and fishing. A transiently off shore, a large silver mine stands scattered in the frozen water—a handy resource for the Inuit who still prefer to knock off chunks of ice for their water supplies, even though the settlement now has a storage tank thanks to Santa Stu. The civil servants in Yellowknife off shore, a large silver mine stands scattered in the frozen water—a handy resource for the Inuit who still prefer to knock off chunks of ice for their water supplies, even though the settlement now has a storage tank thanks to Santa Stu. The civil servants in Yellowknife off shore, a large silver mine stands scattered in the frozen water—a handy resource for the Inuit who still prefer to knock off chunks of ice for their water supplies, even though the settlement now has a storage tank thanks to Santa Stu.

The day in late March that Hodgson started Griset Pond, on one of 34 stops he



Hodgson says goodbye to a N.W.T. friend: the end of the Reign of Stu the First.

made on his 11,000-mile final swing across the North, the sun shone brightly, everyone except the few who were out hunting came down to the community hall to hear the commissioner say goodbye. At six-foot-three, Hodgson towered over most of the residents as he talked about the changes occurring in the North.

An interpreter translated Hodgson's words. Although he has been seen with the N.W.T. since 1984, when he was appointed to the Territorial Council, he has never learned Inuktitut or any of the Athapaskan languages. "I never had time. I only know one thing and that's how to work. I didn't do very well at school," he admits, having only completed Grade 8. "But who the hell cares about that?" (The University of Calgary conferred an honorary doctorate on him

in 1977, but he keeps that quiet.) "I realize we're going into a new era," he said to the gathering in Griset Pond, "and I don't want to be an obstacle. I don't want to be the person who holds it back." He warned that John Parker would probably do things differently. For one thing, the new commissioner won't have as much time to visit the far-flung, isolated communities. Since becoming second resident N.W.T. commissioner, Parker has mostly remained unmoored in his sixth-floor office in Yellowknife's territorial headquarters. Whereas Hodgson took to the air roughly 68 per cent of the time (he estimates that he has made close to 1,000 jumps), Parker the administrator sits behind his desk. He rarely ventures out of his paneled enclave. Not only are the two commissioners as different in appearance as the geography above and below the surface (Parker is short and slight), but their personalities are just

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as disunited. Although Hodgson's available and frontier fair are mixed, there are those who appreciate the progress with which they now get back registration orders under Parker paperwork regimes.

Hodgson's farewell trip had a hand-picked crew of 17 that included his family and friends, government aides, a few media representatives and the young man who leads the Hodgson family ranch in Westbury, B.C. Just before Hodgson left Yellowknife, Prince Charles made his third visit to the N.W.T. to open the territory's grand new cultural preserve and the Prince of Wales Northern Heritage Centre

should be built, or that a storage tank is needed—that issue is finished. The power I had of speaking for the territories and for the people, of being in charge of Territorial Council and the administration, is now being divided among other groups of people." In little over a decade, he has been instrumental in setting up municipal councils in 40 hamlets, settlements and towns throughout the territory, he has seen Territorial Council evolve from a partially elected body to a fully elected one and he leaves just as it has gained parliamentary approval to expand from 15 to 22 elected territorial members, which will allow for a larger executive

indicating that he is willing—overseas—to let others run the show.

Even at 55, Hodgson's pace continued to exhaust his sides, particularly in that final tour. Glad in his enormous parks and old duffle bag, he dashed into the back of a pickup truck at the airstrip for the five-mile trek, in -30°C weather, into Holman Island. He was in a hurry to present Helen Kalvik, the renowned Holman printmaker, with the Order of Canada in her home, where she was bedridden at the age of "roughly 80." But the local people had planned a drum dance and so Hodgson sat down instead in the community hall and watched. When they asked him to take part, he performed a solo. That night, back in Resolute Bay, the other members of the tour were ready for bed, but Hodgson followed a desolate, windswept road to a midnight square dance. Last summer, he had the entire N.W.T. Pipe Band flown over to Greenland to celebrate its capital's anniversary. Whether Parker will continue this early cultural exchange is, says Hodgson, "entirely up to him."

In an obvious attempt to mimic his predecessor as a man of the people, Parker stepped down from the platform at Yellowknife's Supreme Court after his installation, shook hands with a stone-faced Inuit and mingled with the crowd. It is unlikely, however, he will ever get the chance to build up a rapport with the native population. Years ago Hodgson would spend hours in small communities outlining the aims of government to people not yet certain whether a commissioner was a person or a thing. A small but significant tribute was paid before his departure when Ikumak Bay's recreation chairman spontaneously hugged him and said "Because of you we have everything."

Despite his protests to the contrary, however, one would have to be somewhat naïve to see that this grassroots man was unable to gain the respect and trust of the Inuit, as he did with the Inuit. "It tears his heart apart that he has never been able to bridge the gap with the Inuit nation," confides Pilot. The Inuit, who want self-government, refuse to recognize the territorial level of government or the man imposed on them by Ottawa to run their affairs. Unlike the Metis or Inuit, they ignore his invitations to attend government functions. Parker has said that one of his goals will be to get to know the native organizations better, including the Inuit. "Now is the chance for a fresh start. I think they are at a stage of change too. I will go to them," Parker promises, "and start a dialogue." ☐



Commissioner Parker (centre) is sworn into office, toward responsible government.

This is Hodgson's \$7-million debt project, and one that many northerners think of as an odious to his ego. Few would argue, however, that Hodgson's distaste for being anything but benevolent. Close aide Bob Pilot maintains "He was the man for the time." Even Hodgson realizes, however, that he is not the right man to lead the N.W.T. into its new phase of winning power from both Ottawa and its representative, the commissioner, in a determined effort to attain responsible government as soon as possible, and promised within the next decade.

"I started over 30 years ago to develop a system of government by which the communities would have a key say in how they would develop," he told the people of Grouse Point. "I have done what I set out to do. So, when we would stand here before and decide there should be no exploration, or that so many houses

that can survive cabinet-type responsibilities. But although Hodgson has been a advocate of responsible government, he was never one to sit quietly on the sidelines.

Parker says he supports the drive toward responsible government, but whether he will be so malleable as Territorial Council hopes is not yet clear. "I'll face the new, elected council for the first time this fall after the Dec. 1 territorial election. Though generally reluctant to comment on the last council's sound on rapid responsible government for the N.W.T., Parker says he has his own thoughts on how fast that change should happen. "There have to be people able to accept the devolution of responsibility," he warns. "There isn't a large number of people in the territories with experience in senior levels of management. It'll be a matter of ourselves educating."

Slow taking over, Parker has already given more responsibility to the three elected executive committee members,

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Frontlines

The supermarket guerrillas of Brampton, Ont.

It was almost CAMP, for Consumers Against Burglary Prices Or War (Women Against Stealing Prices). But the 12 women who put together in a Brampton, Ontario, living room last February to do something about supermarket inflation eventually decided to call themselves WAWP, for Women Against Rising Prices. "At that point I've just wanted a consolidated vehicle for expressing concerns, a private boycott for personal satisfaction only," says Ellen Mitchell, a 46-year-old Peel regional councillor and the driving force behind WAWP. But their private gesture, a list of eight uncommercial food items to be avoided, obviously struck a sensitive nerve among price-shocked food shoppers, within weeks mail was flowing in from everywhere and the WAWP women have found themselves organizing Canada's first national food boycott.

The kaffeeklatch of friends, still meeting in one another's homes every Monday evening, has broken into two



Mitchell (left) with fellow WAWPers realizing the power of the consumer

groups to select products for boycotts—without using brand names—and assault the media with their shoppers' point of view. WAWP's first offensive, the original March list, boycotted all meat over \$1.75 a pound, yogurt (which had jumped in price from 80 cents to over 90 cents a tub), frozen vegetables, head lettuce (than over \$1 a head), imported cheese, soft drinks, sweetened cereals and canned fish. It was handwritten and passed on only to the local media—The Brampton Daily Press, The Brampton Guardian, radio and commu-

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Market court shops and restaurants opening in May and June.

city television. But the idea immediately attracted national attention and within days WARP centres were springing up across the country. Now an unaffiliated national organization of women—and a few men—operates an elaborate chain-letter network to share food ideas and distribute the boycott list, with the Receipts group at the hub of more than 40 other centres.

Official supermarket response has been hard to assess. "There's no clear way to determine if they're reacting to our lists," says Mitchell. "Although we hear that supermarket employees are having meetings to discuss them." Says Canada Safeway Vice-President Don Jarvis: "Receipts has a good group of enthusiastic shoppers who are helpful from a consumer education point of view. But we haven't seen any direct effect of their specific boycotting actions." However, WARP members say there have been dramatic price changes and in-store specials immediately after their weekly list hit the newsstands and supermarkets.

WARP is announcing its boycott theme fortnightly starting this month. The Receipts organization is also distributing WARP buttons for 25 cents. Otherwise, its strategy has not changed since the first meeting. "We've had suggestions to jockey Queen's Park," says Mitchell, "but we want to be careful to keep everything very reasonable against the fear of litigation. Boycott is our most effective economic tool. If only the freemove consumer realized her power, she could put the food industry as it stands with even 30 per cent of women boycotting."

The original Receipts list—all housewives with families, mostly in their 30s and 40s—made a six-month commitment to consolidate consumer voices. To continue as a concerted education effort would be next to impossible because of the time involved—up to 30 hours a week each. "We'll have to consider more organization, structure and funding," says Mitchell. "We've stayed away from having central news because we didn't want to be controlled."

WARP, however, anticipates expansion, possibly into a food awareness brochure disseminating information, publishing newsletters, arranging cross-country lectures and of course comparing boycott lists. The new network, with a national network of paid full-time staff members, would be a symbol of unity against escalating food prices and consumer ignorance. All this from 12 Brampton housewives working every connection, organizers when a farmer's wife with the Peel Free Press of April 1981 was once described as "a bunch of comfortable women who should be keeping quiet."

Jane Wideman

14 YEARS AGO THIS MAN BOUGHT HIS VOLVO BECAUSE IT WAS ADVERTISED AS THE 11 YEAR CAR.



14 years ago, Marcel Follens, a tobacco farmer from Delhi, Ontario acquired a valuable piece of machinery. This 1966 Volvo.

He bought it because ads of the time said Volvos were so durable they lasted an average of 11 years in Sweden.

"The car I owned at the time was now here near 11 years old and it was already falling apart," Mr. Follens recalls. "Trading it in for my Volvo was one of the smartest things I ever did. I've driven this car a total of 146,000 miles, much of it through my fields on short, dusty runs. Yet, when I take it out on the expressway it still has the power to pass just like it used to. After 14 years, I feel this Volvo and I still have a future together."

It doesn't take 14 years to love a Volvo. Statistics show that 9 out of 10 people who buy new Volvos are happy too.

So if you're unhappy with your current car, do what Mr. Follens did after reading one of our **VOLVO** ads. Buy one of our cars. A car you can believe in.



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Thank God it's Friday!

We felt most angry after reading your article on Marriage Encounter, a Marriage Café review in the *Star* (May 7). I detected a definite bias arising from a superficial examination of the subject. We wonder if your writer spoke to couples who have experienced ME in order to determine the effect the weekend had on their marriage. The encounter opens communication, stresses the sharing of feelings between spouses and results in a happier and stronger family unit—a decided plus with today's nuclear families.

MR. AND MRS. A.B. GORDON, KITCHENER, ONT.

After reading your article on Marriage Encounter, we have feelings of sadness deep within our hearts, a sadness like Jesus must have felt when He cured the 18 lepers to have only one return and say thank you. There are more than one million couples throughout the world who have experienced the weekend to the fullest. Our prime goal on this earth is to build family, through husband and wife, together with a renewal of that same relationship with the Father and His Son, Jesus Christ.

JACK AND FRANK LACHANCE, CARLETON, ONT.

Marlow's philosophy that good news is no news rings true again. How else can you explain such a cynical look at a movement for the enhancement of marriage? Besides the women about money, marketing and media, you have missed the whole point of the encounter. The aim for the success of one's marriage is placed squarely on the couple themselves and they are never lulled into believing that their happiness depends on a magical solution, something

outside themselves." Is our instant-gratification culture, where one in four marriages ends in divorce, how hopeful it is to see couples who are willing to work at their relationship to keep it alive and growing.

JOE AND LINDA LATOJA, LONDON, ONT.

It is most unfortunate that your article on Marriage Encounter used the word "self" because it brings up images of vague, mysterious, far-reaching, bloody and even suicidal rites perpetrated for nefarious reasons. When we made our weekend, there was no hint of the methods that are commonly associated with pyramid selling. At no time during the weekend were we pushed into anything. It was one of the most relaxing and enjoyable weekends we have had in 22 years of marriage.

NEER AND MUREL KNAHAN, POWELL RIVER, B.C.

Alive and well and drilling

I was shocked to learn of the death of my father, Dr. Russell Partridge, in Allan Fotheringham's column *The Disappearance of Pierre Casselet* (May 7). It is my suggestion that if anyone is dead it must be Mr. Fotheringham, from the look up. Reports of my father's demise are greatly exaggerated, as he is alive and well and still practising dentistry in Prince Albert, Saskatchewan.

EG. "CARP" PARTRIDGE, SASKATOON

Feeling around?

I feel your article on Pakistan, *Pakistan's First Post a Holy War* (April 26) was based on misinformation. The Pakistan National Control Board never received what you described as "urgent warnings" about the sighting of the Chinese on the border concerning their alleged involve-

ment in the drug trade. Our government's point of view has always been that the situation in Afghanistan is her internal affair. Furthermore, our policy regarding nuclear power has been made clear more than once. Pakistan is so revered as suggesting to India a joint declaration of South Asia as a nuclear-weapon-free zone. Our nuclear program is strictly oriented toward peaceful purposes to supplement our energy resources which, as you are aware, are limited.

R. ANWAR MAHMOOD, EMBASSY OF PAKISTAN, OTTAWA

Nor fish nor foul

I don't agree with Roy MacGregor in *Jim Unger: The First Behind the Scenes*.



Unger and Herman, more than a 'fat slab'



The sporting goods store phoned. You let your hat on the counter.

(April 16) when he describes Herman as a "fat slab" or a "quintessential ass." The character reminds me of a friend who is neither a slab nor an ass.

DR. A. LUNN E. MURRAY, 1907 DEER, ALTA.



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or write 444 St. Mary Avenue Winnipeg, Manitoba R0C 3T1

Letters

The first shall be first

In your article *Canadian, Sure, but Western Canada First* (May 14) you display a picture of Stua Roberts and my-



Robin: the blueprint was wrongly displayed

self accompanied by the caption, "a blueprint for an independent West, just in case." Mr. Roberts can speak for himself, but I do not believe in an "independent" West. What I do believe in is a united Canada with the West making its full contribution, Canada comes first.

SENIOR DUFF EGGLES WINNIPEG

Honor where honour is due

Although you continue using the eastern and western provinces as a source for short, nonessential, often hokey and more often demeaning filler items in the *Canadian News* section, I was happily surprised to see the article on Kenneth Kerr's attempt to row the North Atlantic, *To the Lonely* (May 16). For once you have abandoned your policy of using American spelling and used local spelling: instead—St. John's Harbour instead of St. John's Harbor.

STEWART HAMIL, BARRETT, N.E.

Pull in the family

My sincere thanks to Allan Fotheringham for his article *Lebanese? Champagne? Doughnuts? Brer?* (May 14) in which he enlightened those of us outside the journalistic family about why we have been hearing all about the journalists during the election campaign, with the politicians running a distant second. Journalists may be surprised that there are some of us out here who really don't care what they think. If we had the choice, we would prefer some assistance in figuring out what the politicians think.

MARY ANN HESSELBAE, SASKATOON

Here comes number one.



JOHNNIE WALKER SO SMOOTH IT'S THE WORLD'S NUMBER ONE SCOTCH



Come on... relax!

It's summertime. Time to sit back, put your feet up and enjoy the entertainment to go. And what a sound-filled summer it's going to be with the Realistic "System of the Month!"—a happy listening of the SCR 1800, our true high fidelity stereo receiver-cassette recorder, and a handsome pair of MC-1400 super-bass speakers.

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Canada

Maclean's

The line forms to the right

A 9:30 a.m. on Wednesday, May 30, in the pouring rain, Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau arrived in his silver-grey bulletproof \$84,000 Cadillac at Rideau Hall, the official residence of Ed Schreyer, the Governor-General. Trudeau had appointed six months before. Thirty-five minutes later, Trudeau emerged to tell the press: "I formally advised the Governor-General to call on Clark to form a government." That afternoon, with the sun breaking symbolically through the clouds, Joe Clark arrived at Rideau Hall in a 1979 blue Chevrolet for his own meeting with Schreyer. Afterward, Clark reported: "He asked me if I was prepared to form a government and I indicated that I was prepared to form a government."

That as an era came to an end and a new age began in Canadian politics. Whether Clark's term in power will be as long as Trudeau's (11 years and 46 days) or even John Diefenbaker's (five years and 305 days) remains to be seen. But the chaos began, continued June 4 as a formal ceremony, took place with typically Canadian understatement and without any glauding by the outgoing Conservatives or carrying by the outgoing Liberals. The mood in Ottawa, and elsewhere, was decidedly to "give Clark a chance."

To prepare for his chance, Clark spent last week clustered in his old Opposition headquarters on the sixth floor of the so-called South Block, a building opposite Parliament Hill which was once owned by an insurance company and now belongs to the government. There, Clark received a steady stream of supplicants—civil servants, part-time cabinet members and aides. Jean Piquet, the defeated Conservative candidate in Ottawa-Carleton, once bearing eloquent campaigner (Joe's favorite), she said: "Cabinet Secretary Michael Pitblado, who has impressed the suspicion. Verne with his professionalism, was a frequent visitor as was former Conservative MP Joe Gillis, who is helping Clark with the transition. Saul Gilkes. There's just a billion to do. The main of information that has to be digested is so great and the personalities and organizations are just horrendous."

Quebec, where the Conservatives were only two seats and polled fewer votes than the Bloc Quebecois party in some rid-



Clark and Trudeau in the Prime Minister's Office. He No. 1 took and a maid to go

ings, received special attention from Clark. To fill the province's quota of ministers in his government, Clark invited defeated Conservative candidates and others in Quebec to join his cabinet. At least one person—Pierre Lacombe, director of the Université de Montréal's business school—turned him down. Clark also removed some advice on the subject from party Tory MP Tim Cossins. "If a promise has not elected members from your party, they sure won't do it next time if the cabinet is filled up with people through the back door."

Much of Clark's time was also devoted to less weighty matters such as the move into St. James Drive, the official residence of the prime minister. Said a Clark aide: "The details is enormous. Gardens, cooks, bedrooms, furniture. Picking a cabinet is easy by comparison." In the end, it was agreed that Trudeau could take the No. 1 cook and a maid with him from St. James to Rideau, the official residence of the Opposition leader.

To carry out his pledge to introduce "flexibility" in politics in Ottawa, Clark found time in his busy week to meet both Trudeau and vice leader Ed Broad-

bert. (A meeting with Social Credit leader Fergus Roy was put off until this week.) The conference with Broadbent went well, although the two leaders continued to disagree sharply on the subject of Peto-Canada, which Clark has pledged to dismantle. "If he does, we will be voting against it," warned Broadbent. The Liberals, too, were not sure that Petrocan was a negotiable item. Voted Liberal Caucus Chairman Jacques Gauthier: "We will surely oppose such amendments. Very prominent in the proposed dismantling of Petro-Canada." Clark told Broadbent he intended to keep his promise but, significantly, he did not say when Trudeau Clark also told Broadbent he hoped the Conservative minority government would survive for four years, the dismantling of Petrocan may have to sit on the back burner.

The chat with Trudeau was also "very cordial," according to Clark. Trudeau himself started it off on that note as he greeted Clark at the door in the Prime Minister's Office. "The system is designed so that there will be change," said Trudeau. "Anyone surprised that there is change doesn't understand the system." Clark, usually quick with a quip himself, just chuckled.

Joe Ugeux

Return of the native scion

By Robert Flecken

While the rest of the nation slowly recuperates from election fever, party workers in Newfoundland are just replacing the old posters with new ones bearing new faces, new names. But the names hardly matter, since the June 16 provincial election will likely boil down to a battle between two men: a vote for whoever happens to be the Tory candidate in any riding will be a vote for Premier Brian Peckford. A vote for the Grit will be a vote for Donald C.

Jamieson, his own invitation during a local interview aired on federal election-night TV coverage. After he had achieved a landslide re-election in his riding of Burn-St. George's, and once it was painfully clear his fellow Liberals were not being returned to power in Ottawa, Jamieson bemoaned the state of politics in his native province, where people were not for what they could get. Gone, he said, was the idea of working for the people. Gone was the grand old Liberal party of yesterday's Newfoundland.

Things developed quickly, with a

the public last away from the May 25

The big question is whether or not Jamieson, 56, can succeed in pulling the Liberal fat from the fire. It's going to be a hard fight, especially with the traditionally short three-to-four-week Newfoundland election campaign period. But Jamieson has been a fighter ever since the late 1960s, when he and another enthusiastic young Newfoundlander, Geoff Stirling, ran the Economic Union campaign for Water Street merchant Chas Crobie, battling the proposal for Confederation with Canada.

Many such Newfoundlanders joined morning when the former Confederation joined Confederation on March 31, 1949, but within weeks Jamieson and Stirling were aboard. Joe Smallwood's bid-weapon in the first provincial election, which was to launch his 25-year Liberal reign. A year later the pair were awarded permission to set up a new private radio station, CBOB. Additional income came from a broadcasting empire which furnished until two years ago when they broke it up, Stirling keeping the TV and the radio portions and Jamieson's brother, Colin, managing the AM radio part of it for time in a blind trust. Meanwhile Jamieson, although he came from an old Tory family (his father, Charles, edited the weekly *Tory Watchman*), took the Liberal plunge to win a federal by-election in St. John's in 1966 and was off to launch a new career in Ottawa.

every night with almost evangelical support on the anti-confederation battle, and with letters and letters. "Many who spoke out against Confederation were the product of a fiercely proud and independent tradition," Jamieson wrote later. "They were members of ancient Newfoundland families who had made Water Street an important North American trading centre years before Montreal was founded and while New York was still a swamp. Some had forefathers who had fought valiantly to see responsible government for Newfoundland. They felt to support Confederation would be to betray their heritage."

Many such Newfoundlanders joined morning when the former Confederation joined Confederation on March 31, 1949, but within weeks Jamieson and Stirling were aboard. Joe Smallwood's bid-weapon in the first provincial election, which was to launch his 25-year Liberal reign. A year later the pair were awarded permission to set up a new private radio station, CBOB. Additional income came from a broadcasting empire which furnished until two years ago when they broke it up, Stirling keeping the TV and the radio portions and Jamieson's brother, Colin, managing the AM radio part of it for time in a blind trust. Meanwhile Jamieson, although he came from an old Tory family (his father, Charles, edited the weekly *Tory Watchman*), took the Liberal plunge to win a federal by-election in St. John's in 1966 and was off to launch a new career in Ottawa.

With the campaigning only just begun—and having only two weeks to

During his 53 years in Parliament he

held five ministerial posts and became famous for his devastating Newfoundland wit. And when asked what the party would do for a leader if a bus ran over Pierre Trudeau, he responded: "Elect the bus driver!" Now Jamieson has "come home to accept your invitation to build a better Newfoundland," and he started to deliver in a style reminiscent of the old man of Newfoundland liberalism, Joe Smallwood himself. Arriving in the province by plane last Tuesday, he stopped in St. John's for a two-hour caucus meeting on Wednesday, he held a press conference at his home in St. John's. Reporters headed for the Bras Peninsula, most of them not asking themselves if they would have made the same kind of four-hour drive for one of Premier Peckford's new conferences.

Screening jobs, integrity and identity, Jamieson arrived in a program including a three-year freeze on electricity rates, pharoscare for the chronically ill, elimination of school tax inequities and—use of Joe's favorite election promises—more parliamade Jamieson and he hasn't had time to look into the financial implications yet, but doesn't believe there would be anything wrong with borrowing more money to pay for all his promises—a scandal that for two years provincial Liberals have been hammering the Tory government for shorting the province deeper and deeper into debt.

With the campaigning only just begun—and having only two weeks to

ga—Peckford's sudden election call to check the Liberals off base seems to have lowered the stakes. In the next three months none be taken over the Tory leadership he has secretly won firm control of his own party and now he faces a one-farthing Liberal opposition suddenly electrified by a surprise champion, one of the silent but powerful co-conspirators in the last. At least the two leaders do have one common concern: to powder. Although provincial standing at dissolution was Conservatives 11, Liberals 20, and NDP 9, in last month's federal election the New Democrats got more votes (and more votes than did) Tory candidates. And last week the "cloud" was flying in organization help from Ottawa to make a determined if ambitious bid to win the balance of power in the next Newfoundland Assembly.

Quebec City

Debating a lesson from Montcalm

Proving and stirring like a stallion too long confined to its stable, the Parti Quebecois was more important than its rider last weekend to get on with the race for independence. But Quebec premier and party leader, René Lévesque, kept mastery of the beast during its pre-referendum convulsion attended by 2,000 delegates and invited foreign observers including U.S. congressional Francis Terry McManis, who was kept looking up from his seat to accept the fawning respects of 700 critics more concerned by American opinion than that of Quebec's.

The premier has promised to decide and reveal referendum timing before the end of June but he was clearly wary of a full vote. "Even the most noble impulse must not provoke haste," he told the convention. But risk and the disastrous with the government's hesitancy was as palpable as the lock-down, even in the Quebec City sports centre where delegates appeared to get together to smoke, sweat and strain at the starting gate.

Certainly, some veteran militants of the 19-year-old party wanted Lévesque to get going the referendum goal behind a more salubrious but divided vocabulary. Said delegate Jacques Gauthier: "We'd rather be beaten standing up than win crawling on our knees." Others, such as Alois Leblanc, shared the premier's fear that an autumn referendum would be defeated. "That was Montcalm's error—he sent his men down into the Plains of Abraham." The omnipresence of delaying the vote until next spring



Jamieson, Canada's minister for external affairs, who with the federal Liberal part of May 22 in new battle as Newfoundland's native son, the serene anti-Confederationist "come home for good."

Deny it though he will, most Newfoundlanders assume Peckford was trying to catch the Liberals with their provincial pants down when, only three days after the federal election and less than five weeks before a scheduled Grit leadership convention, he called an election to confirm our mandate. This must be done before we proceed with negotiations on some very important issues, such as the question of jurisdiction over offshore resources, and over the fishery. Some speculate, as well, that Peckford was trying to beat Jamieson back to Newfoundland, since rumors of his possible return had been growing. Jamieson himself previously

draft Jamieson movement launched two days later. Peckford followed the next day with his election call and William Howe, two days after that, with his resignation as provincial Liberal leader. With all the gallantry befitting a party leader whose stewardship had been played on the line after he admitted lying about leaking confidential police documents to the media, Howe told reporters "He was completely in my own hands as to whether I would take this action or not and, after much thought, I have now done so willingly and with a glad heart." The St. John's rumor-mill version of the affair is that Howe was hurriedly axed by a provincial party executive worried about Liberal election chances with an openly divided party. Then Jamieson was pressured into making an immediate switch, with help from federal party organizers anxious for any possible election win to draw

Jamieson spends few votes on arriving in St. John's last week and (right) for charity as a "50s TV man" till on the

with a subzero urging economic ties with the United States. To Jamieson it meant economic salvation for Newfoundland without, supposedly, loss of political independence. Jamieson and Stirling worked long and hard—and heavily. Once they crossed the Orange Line in Rossmore's Bay and were lucky to escape with their lives, after encountering a crowd of staunch confederationists inside and a larger, more unruly crowd surrounding their car outside as they fled. It took hours to find the St. John's mother of 18 who went on radio to explain defiantly how she would prefer a good job for her husband rather than Canadian handouts. Many testimonials poured in, however, and Jamieson took to the airwaves





Lebanese at PQ meet, one question only?

could be the further demonstration of a party whose "pockets of morality" were quickly recognized by its leader. Significantly, Lévesque sought solace for the PQ's falling fortunes in blaming the media's "delight in the fights and miseries of others."

A different explanation for the PQ's malaise surfaced spontaneously from the convention floor when Lévesque was fervently cheered for uttering a word banned for the past year from his public lexicon: independence. Then, at his subsequent call for economic association with Quebec Canada by words riddled ironically in the protest hall. For committed independence the promise of economic association is a necessary evil required to mollify public fears of secession.

By Saturday Lévesque had got what he wanted from his party: a watering-down of its program which permits him to go to the people with a soft message. Delegates removed the threat of unilaterally declared independence and opted post-referendum negotiations. And, sure, sovereignty will not be voted before Quebecers are consulted a second time, either by another referendum or by a general election.

This change allows the government to propose the only question it would want to have a reasonable chance of winning. Do you give the government of Quebec a mandate to negotiate sovereignty association with the rest of Canada? The

movement economic association was also made to appear more reassuring by delegating acceptance of the Canadian dollar as the sole currency of a sovereign Quebec.

Still eager, but clearly reticent to Lévesque, delegates returned home Sunday to await the trumpet call, most of them knowing the only thing delaying the referendum is their leader's fear of losing.

David Thomas

Nova Scotia

History's movable feast moves on

When the Fishermen's Life Museum in Antigonish, Nova Scotia, opened its doors for another season last month, the first visitors weren't gawky tourists admiring the museum's detailed recreation of pioneer life as the province's rugged outdoors here featured 30 local residents arrived in pickup trucks to cart away ground family heirlooms that they had donated to the museum. They stripped the place of nearly everything of historical value—homemade apple pies, sun charts and a parlor organ, for example—to protect the Nova Scotia government's decision not to retain the museum's material and virtual creator, retired public-school teacher Helen Jensen. Although the official word was that Mrs. Jensen, 66, was left because she had passed mandatory retirement age, the factor was really and truly of her local importance before she was a victim of another old Nova Scotia tradition, the political firing.

30 seconds over Quebec

Only hours after his Qo Qo? became known in the exact Quebecers and Québécois were treated to the first salvo in the television campaign that will ultimately decide which nationality will be inscribed on their passports. Pro-life and pro-life television ads: courtesy the federalist Pro-Canada Foundation featured clover-tinted Québec of the strengths of a united Canada. It's a risk, colorful even-tempered, cartoon although short on punch, considering it is billed as a first-class weapon in the coming war of the words.

If the 30-second television—which never mentions the Parti Québécois—seems too low-key, that probably reflects the fortunes of federalism. The Pro-Canada Committee is the foundation's sister organization which

Ignatius Marino, director of the province's museum, admits that he was aware of her "political presence." Mrs. Jensen was an ardent supporter of the archbishop's Mass, Cardinal Brown, a free-wheeling, free-spirited, liberal minister of highways who had helped her Marine Highway Museum Society get provincial funding to buy the museum in 1978. Lena Brown (no relation to the former federal minister), a member of the historical society who served two trunks of her family memorabilia from the museum, says she thinks Mrs. Jensen got "a dirty deal."

Helen Jensen actually began the museum as an extraordinary project while working as principal of the Jeddore-Lakeville Elementary School during the 60s. But the armistice outgrew the limited space in the school and, in 1972, the museum found a permanent home in its own, 2000-sq-ft building. Mrs. Jensen's house, the society retained. Although the province took over full responsibility for the museum in 1978, Mrs. Jensen claims the former Liberal government, as part of its deal with the historical society, agreed to keep her in as curator. "They stripped a question of the money," she says now. "I just think they should have done something—I would have been happy with the title of honorary curator."

Despite the protests, pretentious officials remain satisfied. Much to the locals' chagrin, artifacts from other museums were shipped in last week to replace the items looted away by the original donors. Plans are well along to expand the museum to give what one official calls the "full flavor" of fishing and fishing communities that were the backbone of the self-sufficient

was the political umbrella group for union-promoted parties and seven tiny groups. It was part of a federalist union project, says Liberal leader Claude Ryan who actually donated one of the political fundaments of the group, serving instead last Canada only on the grassroots organization of the Quebec Liberals. An estimated \$1.7 million in corporate donations has been collected for the foundation, says an American campaign. An unspecified number of funds has been spent on the by-ways and a powerful radio and print news stand for later this summer. Pierre Gault, the foundation's president, said it will not seek any more corporate money, but, a quiet word about subscription drive is under way.

"Then definitely call the line," commands foundation spokesman Joseph Beaudin. But that line at least for the time being, since at the PQ's political position at a hotly contested pre-hockey game show. Larry Black



Helen Jensen on the outside at the Jeddore museum stripping it nearly bare

entire shore. With the museum's new look, officials are expecting to triple last year's 4000 visitors within the next five years.

But can the Fishermen's House Museum ever be the same without its founding mother? Lena Brown thinks not. "It was such a wonderful place," she says. "When the tourists would come, there'd be fresh bread baked right there in the stove or maybe some gaperhead codfish. Sometimes the gaperhead or Helen Jensen would even cook dinner at the museum and invite whoever happened along to share it with them. It was a very friendly place."

Stephen Kimber

Saskatchewan

'We had to eat him and we did'

The safety of civilization after 16 days of struggling to live in the tangled mountain wilderness of central Idaho could not ease the painful ordeal for Brent Dyer, 35, and his 15-year-old sister-in-law, Donna Johnson. With the physical dangers behind them, the two Estevan, Saskatchewan, men were a light airplane crash had to grapple last week with the anguish of revealing to the world the grisly facts of their adventures—and relieving the horror of having eaten parts of Donna Johnson's dead father, Don, in order to stay alive.

The saga, from the moment they crashed May 5 until they walked up to a small silver mine May 24, was mixed with the joy of their survival, tempered by the death of Don Johnson and pilot Norm Pischke, and shrouded in mystery. Attempts by scandal sheets, radio

and TV reporters to get the remarkable story all failed as the families involved steadfastly refused to make any statements despite the rumormongering. In fact, the hostility developed toward the media and the mystery created uneasiness in the people of Estevan (population, 9500) who, ironically, by the day the two reached safety, had pledged more than \$10,000 to keep the search going. There was no trace in the planes until six days after they had crashed. Safety when both Pischke, 35, and Johnson, 30, had been buried.

And then, at a remarkable press conference in which the reporters were outnumbered by lawyers, family members and the priest who led the interment, the tale. With Will Chabon, 34, of the Regina Leader-Post taking shorthand notes and Gary Doyle of Estevan radio station ran, tape-recording every word, Dyer revealed how he and Miss Johnson had survived by eating the thighs of her father, Don, who he kept in his White Cloud Mountains.

As he lay dying, Johnson gave his leather coat to Donna as protection against the cold. "His dead, but he wants me to live," Dyer recalls saying to Donna who was not at the press conference. "And he's given us his leather coat. I know there was nothing else I could do... just let her have a good cry." The couple had exhausted a small supply of chocolate bars, mandarin, potato chips, crash drops and a soft drink that they had managed to "make last forever." They then had been forced to drink their own urine until Dyer was able to start a fire and melt some snow. Dyer would later testify when the decision to cannibalize Miss Johnson's father was made, but he said they both agreed that Johnson's decision to give his coat to his daughter was a signal that he wanted them to survive. "It was right. We talked to God and we prayed. And whatever else came back, we knew we had to eat him and we did."

They then set out on a five-day, 75-mile walk from the crash site to the Livingston Silver Mine, about 45 miles from Chibougamau, Idaho. The mine owner's son recalled at the sight of the human works as they approached. "But," and the two Estevans, Saskatchewan, men were a light airplane crash had to grapple last week with the anguish of revealing to the world the grisly facts of their adventures—and relieving the horror of having eaten parts of Donna Johnson's dead father, Don, in order to stay alive.

The saga, from the moment they crashed May 5 until they walked up to a small silver mine May 24, was mixed with the joy of their survival, tempered by the death of Don Johnson and pilot Norm Pischke, and shrouded in mystery. Attempts by scandal sheets, radio

Dyer and his wife, Cindy, after peaking out his ghastly tale, shrouded in mystery

around it was better to get the facts in the interest of the survivors and the general public," Williams told Maclean's. The decision came, Bill said, after being "demanded by calls" for the story from "hundreds" of publications. Bill said that some of the overtures made it apparent there could be monetary rewards for the story, although there were never any specific offers made. He said he decided to go to the Leader-Post because he had "met and respected" Williams, because it was the only daily newspaper in the area and because he thought Williams would have greater understanding of the emphasis the story should have.

The Leader-Post then dispatched reporter Chabon who, along with Doyle, heard Dyer give a two-hour account of the real-life nightmare. Chabon described the scene in the home of Estevan lawyer George Hill as more touching than tense. He took 30 pages of notes and at one point, when he looked up from his note-taking, he saw Bill weeping. The religious experience to which Dyer referred throughout the interview, Chabon said, was something with which he could identify. He realized the emotional situation he faced when he walked into the room for the interview. "I was nervous. I said some prayers to myself before I went in," Chabon says. "I'm a religious guy myself."

On the day the story was released, Williams said, he received calls from two British papers, The National Enquirer and another publication in New York for more details than what The Canadian Press had concluded. He refused, saying "I don't want to make a nickel out of my story. I just want to live up to our commitment of not publishing it."

Dale Kiefer



Birth pangs of a parliament

By Mario McDonald

The east is nothing if not state-of-the-art. The plot line spills over with historic resonance, international intrigue and a cliff-hanger final act. As if that weren't enough to ensure a knock-out end to the campaign, the producers have poured more than \$2.3 million into public door-to-door. But this week, as the campaign for the first directly elected parliament in the 21-year history of the European community wide toward its development at the ballot boxes June 7 and 10, the atmosphere in the new member countries is something less than electrified. Although the 416 MPs elected in the new Euro-parliament will represent the world's largest democracy, voting east—and a potentially foreboding Euro-power bloc—the resurgence of the community's 320-million population has been what London's *Daily Telegraph* described as "Euro-bored".

In Britain, where the Euro-election arrives on a headline wilderness to last month's House of Commons race, pundits cheerily predict the lowest voter turnout of any country. While the U.K. lists may sparkle with an assortment of Mrs. M's and Mr. M's—including Sir Henry Bland of the National Farmers Union and Sir David Nicholson, the former chairman of British Airways, for the Tories, former Labor minister Barbara Castle and those perennial Northern Irish spotlight-stealers Beradette Devlin and Sir Rowland Ingham—the voters appear to have left the populace distinctly undrunk. A recent poll showed that 50 per cent of Britons hadn't heard of the European parliament, let alone the elections. It is as though "which" was here attributed to the fact that when the information exhibit hit London this spring, the continental-style poster books were frequently mistaken for French placards.

In Italy, the Euro-note has been thoroughly upstaged by this week's general elections. In Denmark, even a dynamic campaign by one party against the country's very membership in the Common Market has failed to jolt the public out of its Euro-slumber. In West Germany, where former chancellor Willy Brandt is leading the Social Democrats' slate and Bavarian right winger Josef Strauss the Christian Social Union's, one pollster has predicted that a mere 38 per cent of the electorate may struggle out to cast their ballots.

All Germany's parties are soundly pro-Europe, and the campaign so far has been so short on issues that the biggest tempest blew up over the candidacy of Otto von Habsburg, the 66-year-old son of the last Austro-Hungarian emperor. The worldlike former archduke has shown himself so unapologetically right-wing in interviews and essays that Chancellor Helmut Schmidt was moved personally to protest that his election would discredit the entire history of West German democracy.

Only in France have the elections managed to work the political system into a frenzy—a fact which may delight President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, who proposed them in the first place five years ago. Nevertheless, the current campaigning may not be quite what Giscard had in mind. With French politics neatly quartered into four factions, each party is using the balloting as a wretched vase for the presidential elections in 1981. Gaullist chief Jacques Chirac, Socialist leader François Mitterrand and Communist chief Georges Marchais are personally leading their troops into the fray, gaily slinging abuse at each other and their common enemy, Simone Veil, the graceful 50-year-old French minister of health when Giscard appointed to lead his centrist Union for French Democracy (UFR) lists. Not only is the country's most popular politician, but polls show that her slate stands to harvest the most votes, possibly if not ahead of the Socialists as the leading party.

With so much at stake, the French campaign has produced some bitter fireworks and strange bedfellows. Chirac, who was prime minister when France agreed to the direct elections, is nevertheless calling his Gaullists to arm with the dire warning that French sovereignty will be gobbled up by a monster he likes to refer to as "German-American Europe." That thirly-sixed anti-German rallying call has left him in the bizarre position of siding with the Communists, the very red party he vociferously rails against, and it has not helped his own cause. After boldly declaring the vote as a referendum on the government's economic policies—and pointing that less than 50-per-cent support would challenge Giscard's legitimacy as president—he promptly found that his own party was scoring lowest in the polls.

With the British Nationalists, the usual left- and right-wing splinter groups and even celebrities like Jacques Benoit-Lévy and François Giscard, the co-founders of the new magazine *L'Express*, fielding their own candidacies, the election has been nothing if not lively. But as polls are only now beginning to show, the rhetorical sword and fury of the politicians is leaving the voters puzzled.

Indeed, as the French campaign points up, there has been a distinct lack of pan-European mood. It is both an irony and a disappointment. Not only does the community share such current

problems as nuclear progress, energy dependence and agricultural policies, but the need to breathe the new life into the post-war ideal of a strong and united Europe was the very reason for reviving the idea of direct elections.

When the air-breathing nations signed the Treaty of Rome in 1957 to create the community, they endorsed a parliament, a court and a bureaucracy in the basic institutions of the confederation they hoped to forge. But the politicians of the day, led by Charles de Gaulle, were suspicious of moves that went beyond their own borders. They vetoed the Euro-dream to the hatching point of a 106-member, appointed parliament, which turned

into little more than a debating society in Strasbourg and a powerful, Brussels-based technocracy which has mushroomed to even greater potency. 23 commissioners manage the running weight of the administrative machinery, and while their decisions must be debated by parliament and approved by the Council of (French) Ministers, it has not always been an easy balance. While the member countries retain the power of the commission, the commission retains the veto-power of the ministers and both sides now hope that an elected parliament will restore the balance in their favor.

So the question of the parliament's powers is a crucial one. At this point, its

influence will be mostly psychological. The Treaty of Rome permits it only to voice its views on 800 laws, fire the commission and amend the budget, currently 116 billion. But those rights may, after all, be considerable. Last December, to everyone's surprise, the outgoing Euro-MPs fixed their mission and passed a budget for 1980 million more than the Council of Ministers had approved, sparking the biggest crisis in the bloc's 21-year history. The parliament's German chairman, Erwin Lemmer, explained: "We had a duty to hand over the rights we acquired must to our successors."

No one dare guess at present, however, how these rights will be exercised, such will be the confusion of political allegiances in the new parliament. The Socialists, the best organized party, are expected to pull off the largest majority with the Christian Democrats in second place. But the prospects of some unlikely mergers are already being raised. Britain's Tories, fading in the German and Italian Christian Democrats, the Italian Christian Democrats don't want to share benches with Strauss's Christian Social Union and Britain's Labor party is a reluctant bedfellow of the non-socialist Socialists.

Not are the problems the new parliament faces any ones. As the community welcomed Giscard's entry last week and prepares to expand to an even dozen with Spain and Portugal's membership, the farm of farmers and trade unions about cheap competition and labor are sure to be inflamed.

Still, whatever the difficulties, Veil believes, as do Giscard and Schmidt, that a stronger Europe is the only an-



By the year of elections the democratic election is more first

Who will call the tune?

Ireland: Electorate: 2 million Seats contested: 10 Voting: June 7 Government: right	Belgium: Electorate: 8.5 million Seats contested: 24 Voting: June 10 Government: centre-left coalition	Denmark: Electorate: 3.5 million Seats contested: 10 Voting: June 7 Government: left-centre coalition
United Kingdom: Electorate: 41 million Seats contested: 81 Voting: June 7 Government: right	Italy: Electorate: 41.5 million Seats contested: 81 Voting: June 10 Government: right	France: Electorate: 38 million Seats contested: 81 Voting: June 10 Government: centre-right coalition
Luxembourg: Electorate: 200,000 Seats contested: 6 Voting: June 10 Government: centre-left coalition	Netherlands: Electorate: 10 million Seats contested: 25 Voting: June 7 Government: centre-right coalition	West Germany: Electorate: 42 million Seats contested: 81 Voting: June 10 Government: left-centre coalition



Cecile, Mitterrand, Veil, Giscard and other high-ranking house, gaily slinging abuse.

veer to the looming threat of the Soviet Union on one side and the United States' abhorrence of its rule as a political and economic leader of the West on the other. Says Vail: "One can never be sure of the outcome. But we can be sure that if we don't build Barrozo, it will be catastrophic for us." With greater urgency she is paraphrasing the doctrine of her compatriot, Jean Monnet, the community's chief visionary and founding father who died last March. "The sovereign nations of the past can no longer solve the problems of the present," he warned in his 1976 memoirs. "And the European Community itself is only a stage on the way to the organized world of tomorrow." □

Zimbabwe Rhodesia

First step in an uncertain journey

By Robin Wright

Despite the ringing words of newly installed Prime Minister Bishop Abel Muzorewa—"this is the day the lord has made"—last week's transfer of power in Rhodesia was surprisingly quiet after 14 suspenseful years that triggered the tempers of governments throughout Africa, Europe, North America and the Eastern Bloc. Bay yellow vans from Bishop's carriage company simply crated up the be-

luggage of ex-prime minister Ian Smith and moved them to a modest house in Salisbury's affluent Avonmore while officials of the new majority rule government moved into the job, offices and homes once occupied by whites.

Five in the capital even entered. The only hiccup involved the leader's livestock: as Smith's staff was devising a solution to the problem of moving his prize Japanese goldfish to a new home without an outdoor pond, Smith officials were debating what to do about rumors that the new prime minister, Bishop Abel Muzorewa, planned to move the goats, sheep and pigs which he keeps as a hobby from his backyard to the prime minister's official estate.

Obviously, there was little to mark the transfer of power in the newly named nation of Zimbabwe Rhodesia, which last week ended 89 years of exclusively white rule in the southern African territory and marked the climax of Smith's controversial leadership career. The transition nevertheless underlined the hopes of a country that has stubbornly refused to comply with, or be understood by, the standards of the outside world. By most foreign readings, the new system was a formula for disaster since it provided for:

- A multi-party cabinet including

President Jacob Gonaud; members in Muzorewa, Smith watches "gross inequalities."

the one white and three black parties that won seats in the first one-man, one-vote election in April.

■ A multi-tribal government, with Muzorewa's Shona tribe dominating, but with a president from the traditional rival, the Ndebele—an arrangement that contradicts the powers throughout the rest of Africa and is especially precarious in light of the two groups' historic mutual mistrust.

The latest move to avert skepticism was the lineup of Muzorewa's 17-member cabinet announced last week—which occupy the key ministries of finance and justice. But most notable was the choice of Smith as minister without portfolio—a post which will allow the wily politician to stick his fingers in several pots including intelligence and foreign affairs. It will almost certainly also offer critics grounds to argue that the former prime minister is still at least partially in control, although Muzorewa kept the crucial role of defense and continued operations for himself. This means that he will at least occasionally make decisions about the military's campaign to end the six-year-old guerrilla war and that a black will be seen to be in control of an army which has whines as its high-ranking officers.

Another telling feature of the new government is that it only roughly represents the racial breakdown of the first majority rule administration: three black ministers for every one white—a disproportionate over-representation, generally, there are 25 blacks to every one white. Yet another is that one of the black opposition parties, led by the Rev. Ndabamangwe Sithole, has already refused to take up its share of the cabinet posts and seats in parliament on the grounds that there were "gross irregularities" during the election. There was that a crack in the "government of national unity" even before it got off the ground.

From the white point of view the odds were scarcely more measured. None of the blacks in the cabinet had any experience in office and several new black members of parliament were former guerrillas or political detainees. The daily "Meet the news" column in Salisbury's *World* newspaper gave such headlines as: FUGITIVE GUERRILLA NOW NATIONAL YOUTH LEADER; SAKALA TRAINED IN CHINA; and RUSSIAN-TRAINED SECRET AGENT NOW MP.

In all, they represent a volatile combination which seems unbelievable as a sequel to Smith's move, aired as recently as 1978, that he did not expect to see Africans in power "for another thousand years." Yet Zimbabwe Rhodesia is, typical fashion, watched it happen without even blinking. As a young white businessman commented: "People have become immune to political events here."

LAMB'S. The Sun Rum.



Superb.

The article continues to tick over, what ever happens."

In fact, the overnight transfer is not likely to mean overnight changes. Mawere faces the same problem as his predecessor: how to cope with the war and 14 years of international isolation. The transfer of power has not yet altered Zimbabwe Rhodesia's status as a political pariah and may never do so.

At home, the only noticeable changes so far are those in black: literacy is a multiracial sport among students at recently integrated schools, black stewards on Air Rhodesia, a black runner-up in Salisbury's annual "Swinging Miss" beauty pageant (judged by a multiracial panel), the seemingly endless stream of blacks in driver-training cars in the capital's tiny downtown area and the property transfer announcements in *The Herald* showing that almost half of the sales of white homes are now to blacks.

Whites still have the edge in education and experience, and it may be a generation before the blacks in positions of social and economic power are proportionate to the population. Despite emigration—high as the first quarter of 1978, when some 5,700 whites "took the gap," compared with roughly 4,100 in the same period last year—whites will control large sections of the economy, military and civil service.

Blacks are waiting to see what the new government does, however, and how the outside world reacts. If the situation improves and the war does not end, insiders believe it's but a hard core of just under a third of the existing population of 2,900,000 will eventually leave. At a voluntary press conference, Smith admitted that there are now more guerrillas than ever inside the troubled territory. Unofficial estimates go as high as 12,000 insurgents operating inside the borders with another 15,000 training at bases in neighboring Tanzania and Mozambique.

Jubilant blacks in Salisbury once hitcup

Smith also said that greater numbers of guerrillas were turning themselves in under the country's new total amnesty plan and that others were waiting until the installation of the new government. But two previous plans that offered partial amnesty failed and, in recent interviews and statements, Prime Minister Robert Mugabe has repeated their plagues to light it out. In fact, in yet another effort to appear unified, the co-leaders met secretly in Rhodesia last month to agree on a formal constitution and the merger of their forces.

The other factor on which the Mawere government and the whites are depending is action by the British and United States governments to end sanctions. Officials in Salisbury believe public sentiment is too strong to allow either administration to block the move and that the lifting of sanctions will allow Mawere and company to prove themselves. Foreign investment and exports would provide more money to be spent on better education programs for blacks and on creating new jobs which would alleviate a large African unemployment problem. The end of sanctions would also mean that the security forces could buy equipment on the open market—instead of through underground middlemen at up to five times the normal price—and use military spokesmen privately said that could turn the war around within 18 months.

But last week it looked to be a very optimistic assessment, and while U.S. Secretary of State Cyrus Vance was on record with the view that the U.S. might agree to lift sanctions if the Mawere government got down to talks with the Popular Front, pressure from other Commonwealth countries—conservative Australia as well as radical black African members—seemed equally likely to make it difficult for Britain to follow suit. With so many unknowns haunting the birth of the new nation, observers were left to wonder if it would not, after all, be still born. □

U.S.A. Having family problems

The Mafia may be as real as a stab in the back, as rare as a contract murder, but so far no one has been able to prove its existence in a court of law, and there are still many—including the Web bosses—who insist that it is no more than a Hollywood invention. Last week, however, the first steps were taken by the State of New Jersey to put Cosa Nostra on trial, and some of its Canadian connections may come out in the process.

A 26-count indictment alleging the existence of a nationwide enterprise established to commit crimes and maintain power over its rivals and victims was brought down in Trenton, New Jersey, by state Attorney-General John Degnan. The indictments are the result of eight years of government wiretapping, tracing and intensive investigation of the Vito Genovese crime "family" of New York. Right now, including 36-year-old Ruggiero Bozardo, an alleged co-conspirator, have been charged with offenses ranging from conspiracy to gambling, law breaking, extortion, bribery and murder.

"We are telling the people of the United States," says Degnan, "that we are now prepared to prove the existence of a national criminal conspiracy." In the past 25 years there have been many dockets concerning organized crime, but Degnan says, there were always "finger-pointing" on the outside of the public and "very few law enforcement officials" that such a conspiracy existed.

Such doubts are unlikely to linger much longer once Degnan gets under way. The indictments allege that this particular conspiracy linked mobsters in New Jersey, New York, Nevada and Florida. Edwin Stier, director of New Jersey's division of criminal justice, told *Maclean's* that the state is also aware that there are direct Mafia connections in Montreal and that other mobsters in New Jersey have Montreal dealings. "The investigations are continuing and it is quite possible that a Canadian link will be established," he said.

That, however, would merely be one facet of an operation in which, say the



charges, the conspirators killed or assaulted people to avenge insults and punish those who had violated the orders, laws, and protocol of the Mafia, which its members always refer to as "this thing of ours." From court-sat-

tered witnesses and at least one informant the police have been able to piece together details of just how a mighty, powerful and extremely wealthy Mafia family is run.

Those charged in New Jersey along

with Bozardo are Andrew Gerardo, 48, of Newark; Anthony DeVingo, 45, of Roseland; James Vito Montemmaro, 37, of Long Branch; Louis Ferraro, 52, of Elberon; Angelo Caruso, 51a, of West Orange; Thomas DePillis, 51, of Belvidere; and Anthony LaSerra Jr., 32, of Netley. In order to accomplish the objectives of the conspiracy, the eight are alleged to have engaged in loan-sharking at interest rates of up to four per cent a week and 50 per cent a year, run bookmaking operations and extorted money from drug dealers, committed armed robbery and conspired to kill their individuals. Police say Bozardo was the conspirator who directed and controlled the others. But Bozardo himself was responsible to the Genovese family, based in New York City.

Stier believes that it could be a year before the case comes to trial because the defendants are challenging the prosecution's right to use tape-recorded telephone conversations and other evidence. But when it does get into court, "the world will be in for a shock," says Stier. So, presumably, will the Mafia.

William Lawther

Smokey Stover sows some oats

The annual stag night held by the 40-member volunteer fire department in the Tanning town of Helber, Maryland is meant to raise cash for much-needed equipment. But this year's event backfired in \$9,000 also made the top-city newspapers and scandalized the eastern shores of the state—and it wasn't the traditional dinner of baked mackerel and racoon biscuits that did it.

When the dishes had been cleared behind locked windows and locked doors, two employees reported their nearby Virginia Beach convicted asked with the firemen and some 35 local businessmen in addition to lawyers, municipal chiefs and even some city church officials. But machines were grabbed from behind closed doors and several of poker games got under way.

"All might have been well if news of the goings-on, which went on until well into the next day, had not been whispered by someone to someone who whispered it to the boyfriend of the sister of a woman named Christine Malvern. This boy heard that the sister who had Christine, 23, who promptly wrote to the church newspaper in disgust."

Soon another member of this church was writing to state attorney Richard Blaine complaining about a "flagrant abuse of a

the state's obviously laws. The local pressmen, said the letter, degraded everyone from the woman who had given it to the man who had participated and their wives who had cooked and served the meal but were then locked out.

Prosecutor James Harbison, who also de-stained an injury at local, state and federal levels, weighed in with two vigorous accounts. "What we are talking about is a double standard in law enforcement, a double standard in morality," he thundered.

Fire captain President Darley Thomas

reluctantly took the opposite view. Greg Trivette, a steel company chairman and finance chairman of the church. "The whole thing is like a ball game—the more it is told the bigger it gets. And he found an ally, a prosecutor Warren, who damaged complaints with the comment that there were more serious matters to be addressed.

On that point, however, Warren is not of stag. Helber is apparently under the impression that nothing is more sacred than the freedom of a stag. While the protests continue, tickets for next year's are selling at \$100 apiece.





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MCDONNELL DOUGLAS



The man who would be king

Suddenly, the thrice of 2002 A Super Gdyny filled the arena. In a second, the crowd roared and burst into a chant: "Melo! Melo!"

In the throng, no one could see him—yet everyone knew that he was there, somewhere in that war-making way toward the ring. They could feel his presence and the chest started pounding like an immense heartbeat, over-coming the loud music from the sound system.

Finally, *Uroper* (The Haricorne), as Eddy Melo likes to be called, jumped into the ring. He threw a few deadly combinations at the air, then ran to his opponent to yell his hatred in his face.

He had done the same to Fernando Marcette Jr., the Canadian middleweight champion, and after him to J.C. Legault and now to Hanny Avila. And he beat them all. Marcette in a decision, Legault in 30 seconds and Avila in less than six rounds.

A little more than a year ago, Eddy Melo was fighting for the first time in Montreal, in a modest bar-restaurant hall called the Plaza Hall. He was still an underdog youngster, a kid from a Portuguese-Italian family in Toronto

trying to make his way, or at least a name, in Montreal.

A year later, he has reached the legal fighting age of 18 and he has beaten every local Montreal box to offer. In the process he has also won Montreal's Downtown, on 81 Catherine Street, people are walking around in Eddy Melo T-shirts, headbands. Two up for Eddy to get a ticket to his bouts, and radio and TV people are on his trail. His business counselors are talking of a dozen rounds of a Canadian championship, even a world championship in the Olympic Stadium by the time Eddy reaches 24.

When you ask Melo how a young fighter from Toronto could make it so big in Montreal, the answer comes easily. "Montrealers are very knowledgeable fans. They can recognize someone exceptional when they see it. Toronto let me stay through its fighters. I am not really sorry about it, but now they the people there will be."

After an amateur career of 32 wins and four losses, after 13 wins without a loss including 11 knockouts as a pro, nobody can tell Eddy Melo that he is not going all the way to the world championship. After all, he has thought

about it for a long, long time—since that day when he followed a few friends to the gym out of curiosity and got hooked by the business. "Seven years later, I am the only one that stuck around," Melo has stuck around... for better and for worse.

There between boxing, he is only starting to realize what he really means to a lot of the people around him—many. "There are no friends in this business. You are alone. While guys your age are fooling around in discotheques or at parties with girls, you have to be in by 10 o'clock, just like a baby. You have to watch your weight, run 13 miles a day, hit bags and focus and submit to the whole ordeal of training. You are alone. There is always a crowd following you but none of them really knows you. Even your family has a hard time understanding. My father is proud, but my mother is scared to death and I can't do anything about it."

"Or rather I did something." Eddy discouraged his younger brother Joey from following his footsteps. "One boxer in a family is plenty. My mother has enough worrying about me."

Eddy isn't worried, though, as he sees the best in still to come. First he plans to take the Canadian middleweight championship from Fernando Marcette Jr. on June 26 at the Montreal Forum. Then, when he has become a natural light heavyweight, a few months from now, he will try to grab that title from Gary Summerhays.

At the same time, Melo is shooting for an international ranking. Already some American big shots, such as Don King, the patriarch of world boxing promotion, are trying to lure him in New York or Las Vegas. King is already talking TV, big fights and big money.

"I don't want to think about the money," says Eddy. "I don't want to realize that I am making a bundle. I have to stay hungry. No great boxer has a full stomach and pockets full of money." Melo picked up \$21,000 for the Avila fight.

But some days, every day in fact, Melo needs to remember that he is, after all, a teenager. He "yoo" himself by listening to disco music. "It helps my rhythm and it softens the body."

The real medicine comes in the ring, when all those people are yelling his name, when thousands cheer at every one of his attacks. "I can feel the public,

they are in there with me. I draw my energy from them."

Why are the people with him? They have seen greatness before. They have seen, lately, Opale Gray, the Canadian who has probably once the closest to a world championship. But even on his better days, Gray never provoked such a mass movement. "Eddy has that little something special that makes people vibrate at every one of his moves," says Melo's coach, Tracy (Travis) Sugden. "He has one ball of a left hook and a right to watch it. But more than anything, he has a true killer instinct. He will win at all costs."

Probably because he has recognized that same instinct in Joe Frazier and Roberto Duran, Melo says he has focused his style after them. "They are and were great boxers. But I will be just as great. My future is so full."

The smile on Melo's face slowly disappears. "I don't have any choice. After all, I'm sacrificing my youth to accomplish my dream. Only a world championship would make all worth while."

David Pappas

Royalty, gypsies and ruffraff

North Americans, "Epics" is always followed by "talks" which are supposed to be good for you. And "Derby" is inevitably preceded by "Kentucky" which Americans claim to be the world's greatest horse race.

The British disagree. They try to beat at Kilmarnock, just 10 miles from Phoenix City, claim to be the home of the world's most famous horse race, The Derby. Known as "Derby," and due to be run this June 6 for the 200th time—a testament to what has been the horse-happy British engaging in an almost endless equine betting party.

Even the crony Royal Academy on London's elegant Piccadilly has gone to let Derby mad this year, staging a very dignified, horsey and stately British morning, there are five showings of part Derbies, including the most tragic event ever to take place at Kilmarnock. In 1812, a suffragette, trying to publicize women's voting rights, threw herself, fatally, under the hooves of the King's horse in the park piloted toward the

This year's palatine gala will have two stars—Queen Elizabeth and her family, who inevitably turn up for the Derby, and British racing's "new



boy," American teenage jockey Steve Cauthen

Despite the presence of royalty, the Derby remains so being every much a people's event. Several days before the race, the vast infield fills with the trailers of gypsy families who come from all over Europe to set up fortune-telling parlors, betting stands, shooting galleries and merry-go-rounds. Virtually all the fortune-tellers bill themselves as the "original Gypsy Rose Lee" and the better part of the money before post time. Upward of 50,000 people will surround the infield before, during and after the big race.

Although there is official electronically calculated betting at the track, most "punters" (British for bettor) prefer to do their wagering with the local bookies who set up pig-stick stalls in a row and bet with anyone willing to hand them a pound or two. Each bookie keeps one eye on his teletext machine, a partner standing close to the stalls when making head and arm signals indicating changes in the odds.

Indeed, Derby in June is what Chesham Downs in May wishes it could be, the absolute centre of the entire racing and social world. At Kilmarnock's track hall, named as such in honour of the crown's elite is the crime. Carters will serve close to 1,500 pints of beer, 2,000 pounds of imported strawberries, 3,000 fish cigars and 2,000 bottles of vintage bubbly before Derby Day is over.

The most fiercely fought contest of the day is not over the track but in the boxes, where the horses are to be advertised in the Royal Enclosure. Top-billed royal bookies, known as "gentlemen present" (because they used to have incomes

The Royal Family and friends (above) and the race itself (no pictures shown)



to sit at the benches to chase away unwanted outsiders), stand guard at the entrances. By the way, no pictures are to be taken by outsiders guests, a those that dare take in Queen Victoria's day when a cameraman snatched a shot who was at the race with someone other than his wife. Diverse proceedings ensue.

In any case, barring cold weather, the Derby promises to be a vibrant event. Hundreds of thousands of people will rest lightly on the outstretched palms of bookies and they'll be "off" for a happy 200th time.

Arturo F. Gumbier Jr.



Melo decking Avila: tomorrow the world?

Photo by AP/Wide World

The class of '79

By Jane O'Hara

The students are marching again. Not in the conservative manner of the '60s, when campus causes followed like sprinklers and Dylan sang *Blowin' in the Wind*. Those days are gone. That mood has changed. The Canadian Class of '79—hardened by current unemployment statistics and tempered by economic forecasts which promise to run on their parade until 1990—is a conservative class. A cynical class. Especially in light of their stormy precursors, the late '60s and early '70s protesters who sat in and freaked out, all the while preaching a palette of social and political radicalism. They were against The System and against The War and infinitely skeptical of Big Business. They experimented with drugs and sex and raised the consciousness of a decade. If people on the outside envied them, it was because, hell—they seemed to be having fun.

But the Class of '79 will have none of it. As Roberta Chase, a graduate of the University of Toronto and now officer of the Ontario, puts it: "The day of the dream is gone." Today's graduate isn't motivated in peace vigils, he's more concerned with academic vigilance. He isn't bothered with civil rights. He is more caught up in protecting his own economic fortune. So when the Class of '79 marches—some 87,000 strong—across the 65 Canadian campuses toward commencement this month, it will march in straight black lines, capped and gowned in the uniforms of conservatism. The rallying cry of the '80s, "Power to the people," has been translated "Go for it!" is the slogan of the '80s. The torch lit by the New Left has fallen into the grip of the New Right.

Papers are piled high on the chairs and desk in Rod Hard's small, corner office. There's hardly room to sit. And yet the bad lighting and the single bulb and the cacophony of paperwork seem to suit what is now the business address of a former student activist. As president of the University of Toronto Student Union in 1976, Hard remembers well the days of student protest, the fire at St. George's, Wilfrid, the Company of Young Canadians. When students started the grey face of the U.S. consulate as Toronto's University of Toronto in protest over the Kent State killings, he

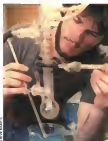


belied 11 people out. In all, 91 were arrested. Today, as president of the Canadian Universities Travel Service, Hard is somewhat mollified. He is 38. He makes \$20,000 a year and he leaves his work.

"There's no doubt today's graduate is a far more conservative person," said Hard. "I don't think it's good, but it's understandable in light of the economic crunch. In my day, we felt we had the time to tackle the broad social issues. We took courses because they were of interest. Students now pick courses to help them get jobs. They aren't apathetic, really—they're busy."

For the past seven years Hard has been administering over Canadian students' personal rise of passage—The Great Year as a meagre budget. A spring tradition at Canadian is the Stanley Cup. Although it's estimated that close to 36,000 Canadian students will travel overseas this year, the percentage packing bags is lower than a decade ago. The reasons are many. But one, in particular, is indicative of a changing lifestyle of Canadian students. They are taking their futures more seriously and staying home to consolidate their positions in the work force. Students who "burn out" at home are no longer regarded as sublimely glib in search of self-awareness, but rather as the carriers of some new social disease. "I don't know anyone who's taking off one year," said Rose Merna, a 25-year-old bachelor of science who plans to return for a master's. "A lot think they've lost too much time. They have loans to pay off and Chagor hills

Students cram at Concordia (above); Dave Segal gets his BSc. heading west (top right); education grad Patricia Hynesford off in London (right); Bruce Substantiated (below) is the lab.



They just don't have the flexibility." A 1978 study of University of British Columbia arts grads showed that only 44 per cent (down from 96 in '73) planned to hit the road after graduation. Also, more and more undergrads are taking course-related summer jobs "that will look good on a résumé." When the Canadian Universities Travel Service posted an ad for 90 jobs in Belgium, it got 3,000 replies. As Dick Matthews, a



political science grad from Dalhousie, said, "There just isn't the money to fuel around anymore." It wasn't always that way. Hard and academic cohorts were fortunate. As members of the Second World War baby boom, students graduating in the '60s and '70s were sought by industry and government. But by 1973, the picture had changed. As the number of graduates continued to rise, Canada and

the U.S. were undergoing the worst recession since the '30s. Basically, the educational output was out of whack with the Canadian economy. Since Canada is still offering double-digit inflation and 250,000 university-age Canadians are unemployed, there's every reason for the Class of '79 to be worried. Some more than others. Especially, the 36 per cent who will graduate with liberal arts degrees and the 22.2 per cent with education degrees. Diana Turbide, a 25-year-old grad of Canadian Studies at McGill, is one of them. She hasn't started looking for work yet, but she isn't optimistic. "I suppose you have an advantage when you come here. You think that unemployment might be a way out of a secretarial job."

An April Statistics Canada report stated that 165 per cent of post-secondary grads in 1976 were still looking for full-time work after two years and that doesn't take into consideration the students who are languishing in jobs unrelated to their field of study or who are simply underemployed. Some students, like Cheryl Flinger, a physical education grad at the University of New Brunswick, take the news that there aren't jobs with a grain of salt. Flinger plans to pick chickens at \$499 a head in her home town of Sussex, New Brunswick, until the market eases up.

"Kids should be willing to move across the country and take a look at lower paying jobs," advised Les Miller, co-president manager of the Canadian Employment Centre at Ottawa's Carleton University, who recommends that students change their perceptions and expectations of the status of many jobs. "There's a shortage of trades people, but university grad still think that's beneath them." The true fact is that trades are hard to change. "There's one useful way to motivate yourself," said David Kwart, a 22-year-old engineering student who took a year off university and worked as a farmhand and construction labourer. "Just take a return job I did." Kwart has subsequently put himself back on the academic track and will graduate from the University of Prince Edward Island in business administration.

For an estimated 26 per cent of the Class of '79, there is some reason for optimism. For the country, involvement in professional faculties such as business, commerce, engineering and computer sciences are rising. Since university enrolment has had in close with what's happening in the job market, it's clear that students are looking to a more practical, pragmatic higher education—by picking faculties that promise a pot of gold at the end of their studies.

What are today's hot fields? At the University of Toronto, Employment Programmes Coordinator Jan Strasser says that there are more computer job openings than last year, partly a result of the sector's aggressively going out and "beating the corporate bankers. We don't have enough computer scientists to fill the demand," said Strasser, while admitting that engineering, business administration and computer science are "almost assured of getting jobs."

Quebec's three English-speaking universities have shown a phenomenal growth in the numbers of students trying to get into business administration and commerce. At McGill, the 15-per-cent-a-year growth has been partially due to the number of francophones seeking a McGill degree as their entrée to the anglophone business world. In spite of declining general enrolment at the University of Prince Edward Island, students are rushing to get into the business faculty where graduates have an 85-per-cent chance of employment. According to Canada Manpower officials in Moncton, commerce, engineering, economics and computer science grads will find it relatively easy to get jobs in the province. Due to the number of doctors who have abandoned the province for the U.S., Moncton is experiencing a shortage. On the other hand, the Moncton Law Society reports that graduates will find it hard to get articling positions this year.

"The average arts graduate these days is in business," said Beth Miller, supervisor of the Canada Employment Centre at the University of Calgary. And in keeping with Alberta's low rate of unemployment, Miller maintains that almost all the graduates "have jobs lined up now or are well on their way." The big sellers out West are engineering, geology and resource majors with accounting skills. While in New Brunswick the unemployment picture "is the same old story," Manpower counsellor Mary MacMillan says. "The engineers are laughing."

Caught somewhere between educational aims, all-too-concrete tuition fees and the sad facts of the work market are today's students. Jockeying to get the high marks needed to enter the professional faculties, they have become highly competitive. Cheating is "becoming pervasive," according to Robin Ross, vice-president of administration at University of Toronto's Trinity College. "No doubt it's partially a result of the pressure to get into grad school and the professional faculties, but it's also because the parents are parents visiting their ambition on their wretched children."

In his quest to pick a major to match

PHOTO COURTESY

PHOTO COURTESY

a career, today's student has become highly cautious. And given the prospect that there might not be life after graduation—er, at least not the good life that he has known—today's student has become increasingly apathetic. "My own view is that students are more serious, more mature," said John Clark, the University of Windsor's vice-president of academic and student services. "Society is moving quickly to the right and the students are moving with it." The pendulum has swung back: the '60s radicals have given birth to a group of campus moderates—university kids who look and act more like their parents. But in shorter, bolder terms and less time, these young men are as keener, they are frayed, beating pedestrian careers, they are danger-driven.

Then, the tangle of an industry that takes more of making money than making, has replaced Dylans as the social conscience of the day. And according to the students, hard drugs have replaced campus life as the liberalists' focus. In Western Canada, although the smell of burning "grass" is at least an nostalgic reminder that all things have not passed. Not unexpectedly, alcohol has shown a steady growth rate. This is partly due to the entrepreneurial instincts of most student governments, whose main mission is to provide cheap bread and circuses for their campus constituents. Although there's some debate about whether student councils are becoming too capitalistic, in the current atmosphere of educational cutbacks, most campus politicians know how to make a quick buck. "Our liquor operations made \$30,000 last year," said Carleton's Student Union President Kirk Palmer.

At the University of Alberta, where the students union's corporate machinations are in keeping with provincial politics, the union made a profit of \$130,000 this year from sales in their two cafeteria pubs. "Alcohol is definitely the biggest revenue," said Dean O'Connell, the Student Union president of the union, who will be paid \$450 roughly to watch over the \$1.7-million budget. "It also creates the most problems."

Once considered hot camps for sexual revolutionaries, college cam-

puses have settled into the general social pattern: the sexual revolution has dissipated into a way of activism. In the words of Valerie Whiffles, a 25-year-old psychology grad at UBC, there's an emotional alibi going on. "Students here seem to be more achievement-oriented," she said, "and getting involved is like taking an extra course. There's a general feeling that having a relationship will wreck your grades. I know people who have made pacts with their roommates that they won't get married until after their degree." Although co-ed dorms are commonplace and more students are living together now than in the '60s, middle-class morality is still alive and well. According to Dr. Edward Henzell, a sociologist at the University of Guelph, the majority of students still believe that "noncommittal marriage is the ultimate goal" of a live-in relationship and only a small minority "accept the idea of promiscuity." About 10 per cent of female students, according to Henzell, "experience guilt feelings the first time they have sexual intercourse." Only 10 per cent, however, feel guilty after subsequent encounters.

Not far from the door of the Peer Counseling Centre at Carleton's University, signs on the wall welcome students to discuss problems about birth control, pregnancy, abortion, sexuality and stress. Except for exam time, "when everyone is studying," the 11-quarter counselling service does a roaring trade. According to Jerry Baumlich, co-ordinator of the service, "most people think that sending their kid to college is like a ticket to getting laid. It just isn't so. A fairly common complaint from men and women is that they feel pressure to be sexually active, but they just don't want to be. Generally, most women want to know about birth control, but more men complain that they don't know how to meet women."

While '60s students were battering the foundations of government, family and almost anything else that reeked of authority, organized religion did not elude the jockhammer. The kids didn't feel asked. They went right to the top and asked the question, "Is God dead?" The resulting debate found a focus in



CONTRIBUTOR: THE UNIVERSITY



New State (top left), student records go out the window at St. George William Ship (right), and campus rule meet the cops in 1968 (below) the New Left in action

such places as Newman Centre on the campus at the University of Toronto. And in its slightly northern chapel, the



vestiges of the '60s remain. Interfaith co-ed, based on the male Canadian tradition and burial traditions are still used in the celebration of the mass. But Father John Robinson, a graduate of the '60s himself, has noted a change. Not purely in the growth of a multidimensional religious observance on campus. He sees that as an effect of students wanting the answers. Longing for security. (At Dalhousie University, eight new religious organizations sprung up on campus last year, everything from Dal Monks to the Latter Day Saints.) Robinson's main concern is with the nature of the revised religious interest. "In the '60s, this was one of the first alternate churches, an intelligent, religious thinking base for many students.

The students now aren't interested in social justice, they want drugs and trips to Stratford. They don't want folk music and guitars, they want more pop, beautiful costumes and beautiful music. We just started a mass which is part Latin and here we have Gregorian chants. It's a big success. They say that any age of great religiousness gives rise to great superstition and that's what we're seeing today. It accounts for the growth in the fundamentalist and revival movements that are showing up on the campus. We're moving back into a Victorian era."

Campus conservatism is not restricted to Canada. In the United States, the new wave of students may be riding a wave of political conservatism but, when faced with the economy's fall from grace and the rise of the nuclear age, they are showing an opening in academic conservatism. Following the global trend, U.S. students are taking care of business the best way they know how—by making money. This includes the accounting and commerce courses that are springing up across the country. In his new book, *Campus Shock*, U.S. author Laurence Loefer reports that the increased suspicion as universities have led to a phenomenal growth in cloning, plagiarism, and library loans. And while Northwestern University sociologist Andrew Kaplan Daniels blames the counter-revolution generation for drifting to "leave behind any organizational structure for people to dig in and it's better than," she's pessimistic about the current crop of students. "The mood on campus is conservative, conventional, anxious. These kids are ready to make money."

In Europe, the pattern is much the same. Britain's traditionally left-wing colleges, the London School of Economics and University College, are making overtures to the right. It surfaced recently during the general election when for the first time the Conservative party defeated the Labour government. Oxford philosophy don and sociologist Ron Harry notes the change as not so much a philosophical conviction as a "longing for a more traditional, a more secure and simple past." While on Canadian campuses students don't may look more '60s than the '60s, their desires have slipped back to the Edwardian era for their sartorial lead. "If you can't have the reality," said one student, modelling the latest in velvet smoking jackets, "you might as well try to look like it."

In Western Europe, the Class of '79 has been dubbed the "best generation" for their sheeplike conformity to middle-class moral standards. The veteran

campus conspirators of the '60s find that '70s students make dependable allies. Said an 28-year-old Dutch lecturer, after failing to mount a demonstration against police brutality. "The students will rally as long as it doesn't interfere with their classes or holiday chances. It's a big success. They say that any age of great religiousness gives rise to great superstition and that's what we're seeing today. It accounts for the growth in the fundamentalist and revival movements that are showing up on the campus. We're moving back into a Victorian era."

And in what one Indian sociologist calls "a ritual shedding of rage," European students have cast off their robes of poverty and gone off on an equivalent questing voyage. Consumerism is the reigning form of scepticism as students buy the latest in Japanese motor bikes and second equipment and gorge on the newest fashions in clothes. In Belgium, university students are tanning in the permanent rock of a last group called '79, which spent time in 1960s. In France, where students stopped the Paris transportation system on the riots of 1968, 80 per cent of students polled showed a "disenchantment with politics and ideology." They're realistic that reading left-wing philosophers like Herbert Marcuse won't put them on a short list for getting a job," said Bob Reid, a British professor at the University of Kent. "It may buy them a conscience, but we need that to improve it." David Strogan, who for 15 years has watched literary trends come and go as manager of the U of T Bookroom, concurs. Strogan never recalled that his best sellers with the Class of '79 were books like *James's How to Prepare for the Interview*, *How to Know and Prepare for the Miller Analogue Test*—how-to texts on the age-old art of passing graduate school entrance exams.

It should be remembered that during the turbulent '60s, during the protests over Vietnam, civil liberty, women's status, black rights and student participation in university decision-making—most of the Class of '79 was still eating both on their first adolescent kiss. Some of these issues are still rubbing their noses in the past. But the priorities have definitely changed. In March, 1979, 25,000 Canadian students marched as their provincial legislatures to protest the cutbacks in educational spending. It was an orderly march. It was also the largest march in Canadian student history. But even then, anything, it left no doubt about what students really care about—themselves and their futures. It is as if the old '60s idealism, turned out toward a world they thought they could change, had come to a new dawn. The question now is: How can I make a better world? But how can I make the most of myself? Calgary wanted the moon—today's kids just want the money. ☐

BACHELOR'S AND FIRST PROFESSIONAL DEGREES

SPECIALIZATION	66-67	67-68	68-69	69-70	70-71	71-72	72-73	73-74	74-75	75-76	76-77
Arts	25,397	26,359	27,585	29,736	27,832	29,583	29,659	29,541	29,541	30,657	
Science	6,526	6,758	7,730	8,320	8,320	9,182	11,232	11,189	12,000		
Architecture	189	266	287	348	243	345	477	477	473	545	
Commerce	2,382	2,949	3,445	3,786	3,935	4,824	5,248	5,883	6,786		
Engineering	2,569	3,043	3,856	4,583	4,122	4,555	4,057	3,850	4,243		
Law	1,029	1,049	1,210	1,263	1,263	1,445	1,578	1,578	1,767		
Medicine	1,019	1,072	1,133	1,180	1,176	1,476	2,242	1,894	2,005	2,021	

Doing the Continental

There they were, a gaggle of grown men and women so keyed up that they were jostling their bosses and thrusting forth dinner menus for photographers. Two hundred and forty employees of the 34-year-old leasing and sales finance company IAC Ltd., were in the middle of a three-day spring soiree meant to prep them for the final push to become Continental Bank of Canada. The centre of everyone's attention at dinner that night was President Stanley Melloy and Chief Executive Officer Douglas Maloney. Last week, as prepared to close the 141 IAC branches, requesting them this week at Continental Bank, Maloney was still agitated at the farming area. "I haven't seen that nice college press where you get autographs for leopards." And when a single employee gave him the 200 as a "CS Tower lunch the next May day, trailing a HANGERS IN ACTION banner, there was even more whistling and clapping at the sight of the new slogan circling 1,100 feet above the ground at their eye level.

The four-year gestation period ended last weekend as the covering paper was torn off newly installed signs on every branch to reveal the gold and brown colors of the three-dimensional logo of Canada's 12th chartered bank, eighth largest with \$5.3 billion in assets. After 36 months of wrangling in Parliament where the necessary private member's bill faced withering opposition attacks led by then-NDP finance critic Max Baucus, Continental was granted a charter in 1977, a license in 1978, and took almost the full year it had available to prepare for this week's opening. Says Maloney: "I don't think we realized it would have, but this was a massive shift. Keeping your own business going, starting a new business—it's without precedent."

Two thousand new firms were sent to the branches, eight of which will offer full bank services in Halifax, Montreal, Calgary and Vancouver as well as Toronto, Hamilton, Mississauga and Scarborough in Ontario. The other 132 will offer most services but will not accept demand deposits. By 1980, Continental's branch network will number about 150.

"Continental would make IAC's wholly owned subsidiary for 30 years with new business going on Dominion bank. Maloney per cent ownership with IAC's ownership share otherwise. First President that took control of the 141 units in the bank of Canada Ltd. which on new subsidiary in F.W. Woodruff Co. has now led."



Continental's Maloney, speaking with the style that passes over unimpaired.

with 75 per cent offering full services in competition, with the existing 7,007 bank branches representing the \$300 billion in assets of the other 12 banks. "We'll try to get better asset growth than the system," says Maloney, "but these fellows aren't going to roll over and play dead."

Growth, however, is not the only reason that IAC became a bank. Leverage, how many times each dollar of capital can be used, is another. With, for example, \$1.5 billion now in the books to finance the investments of about 1,800 automotive dealers, the bank will be looking for new customers among individuals as well as small- and medium-sized companies. The 2,800 employees (the 400 at head office and Ontario divi-

sion moved to five floors in the new 33-floor Continental Bank building in downtown Toronto that week) have been bolstered by about 30 new employees, aged 25 to 45, with business or commerce university degrees or experience with other banks. Says Maloney: "We're mixing the old wine with the new."

He and Melloy, both IAC employees since 1974, share power in such a collegial way that the two men rarely quarrel. "For some obscure reason," says an employee, "neither has made it particularly clear who the boss is." But, for the moment, Maloney, 38, reveals the unannounced accolade. He will likely own the title of chief executive officer in a 30-day, 30, well before retiring in four years. While he has been known to defer to Melloy in public, in private he's the boss. As he sits amidst the signs of the move—blue uniforms on tables,

red tags on plants and the place popping with packing boxes—he says with the style that passes over all misadventures: "I'm the chief executive officer." It is the title of a new career, replacing potential exuberance with pressing soberance. And ages too soon "If we'd done the same old thing for the next three to four years, I would have known the answers before they asked the questions."

Roderick McQueen

Feeling like his old self again

Jimmy Pattison leaps up from a couch in his panama-tinted Vancouver office, strides a damn punt to his desk and returns to the couch, sitting down with such force that he nearly tips it over. He's carrying a bouquet of cash-flow sheets, inventory control lists and meeting agendas for the 24 companies that make up the mixed-group conglomerate called the Jim Pattison Group Inc. A small, pale man with balding pate, he rifles proudly through the papers that signify efficiency and control, barking prophecies and results, but the message he wants to get across. At 56, with the recent acquisition of two B.C. commuter airlines, Air West and Pacific Coastal Airlines (pending approval of the Canadian Transport Commission), and the Janu-

ary take-over of Toronto-based Claude Nean Ltd., an electrical signs company, Pattison is on the move again after turning his conglomerate, News-International Ltd., into a private company in 1977.

It has been a roller-coaster ride for Pattison since 1968 when he ended 10 years as a car salesman, mortgaged his house and opened his own Vancouver car dealership. Son of a Vancouver prize fighter and Packard salesman, Pattison rode the optimistic 1960s wave and became take-over king during a busy 15 months in 1967 and 1968 when he clumped together the 506-seller News-International from a standing start. A 1970 deal to purchase Maple Leaf Mills fell through and he lost \$6 million, but he rebuilt with new acquisitions including the World Hockey Association's Vancouver Blazers and by 1974 News had profits of \$15 million.

But like the Blazers, News faded and the Cinderella stock that had been trading as high as \$45 in 1968 sank to an ignominious \$1.69 when Pattison took it as a loan and went private. Now it is only an owner of the Jim Pattison Group, which includes recreational vehicle factories, Overwater Foods, car dealerships, and 63 per cent ownership of Creek International Ltd. with its 1978 sales of \$62 million. Solely owned by Pattison, the Group employs 6,000 people and will generate \$300 million in revenue this year. "Money," he has said, "is only a way of keeping score."

Using his flow charts as proof, Pattison insists that the spectre of consolidation and pull-back is not about to return. It's a view with a Christian underpin-

Vancouver's Pattison, carrying over the twin virtues of positive thinking and pay

ing. Pattison and his wife attend Vancouver's Glad Tidings Temple where Pattison is rumored to have recently contributed \$1 million to the temple's building fund. He waxes off the story: "I'm sure others gave more," he says, "according to their ability." The temple is a 100-story, steel-shed-on-the-dreaded Pentecostal congregation and the twin virtues of positive thinking and pay are carried over in the Pattison Group's yearly meeting with 70 group presidents and senior executives where featured speakers have included former U.S. president Gerald Ford, former governor Ronald Reagan and Pattison's mother, Julia.

"Some of Jimmy's acquisitions were just dirt deals," says one financial district adviser, but the happy 56-year-old has settled down. His toys include five cars, including two convertibles and a 1958 Packard. The aggressive wardrobe has gone and he now holds membership in the city's Vancouver, University and Terminal City clubs—although it took a while. "People with power like to check you out," he explains. A major test of the cautious expansion of the Pattison Group will be the recently acquired Air West's 26-plane fleet. After several accidental deaths and a short licence suspension, the airline has been dubbed "Scare West" by nervous commuters. Pattison is refurbishing the planes, adding a new company logo and demanding that his senior executives ride the airline regularly. "Just wait," says Pattison in the high tenor voice of the strident salesman, "in six months you won't recognize the plane."

Thomas Hodgkins



PATRICIA KELLY

**Wait 'til you
see the movie!**

In happier times, the diminutive Leslie Allen described himself as the "renegade" of the Canadian film industry. That was eight years ago when the wannabe Toronto-based lawyer, who was a frequent visitor to the downtown Toronto night-club scene, came to Canada's attention as an obscure Charlie Chaplin clone for about \$2 million. Last week the upstart coped seemed a distant memory when Allen and his brother Harry, a former pioneering Toronto journalist, were charged with conspiring to manipulate stock price manipulation and conspiracy to defraud With friend Martin Goldfarb, also charged, they were given a Dec 17 preliminary hearing. Free on \$100,000 bail, the Allens have had to give up their passports to police. The charges stem from a company they controlled, All-Can Holdings Ltd., once a high-flyer on the Toronto Stock Exchange, and its subsidiary, CBC Radio Ltd. in Brantford, Ontario, are under a Supreme Court order of non-interference with the federal government's investigation which went on to court that some \$10 million was lost, says H.A. H.

when the Ontario Securities Commission suspended trading of All-Can shares last April.

In one affidavit, the investigation accountant for the Ontario Securities Commission (OSC), Alan Bottemy, charged that since the fiscal years 1978-1979 and 1979-1980, the Ontario Securities Commission had a wholly owned subsidiary of All-Can, were "overvalued" by some \$11.8 million during that same period, the price of the All-Can share had shown a steady decline. Last week, the All-Can brothers announced that they would buy all outstanding Class B shares for 96 cents apiece, the Toronto Stock Exchange price, raising the value of the company to about \$100 million. Meanwhile, according to the Bottemy affidavit, the All-Can were "actively selling" their own \$4,800 Class B shares through dealers Goldfarb and Co. and the company's market value for the shares, they were selling at \$9.02, down from a high of \$22.55 following another All-Can announcement that they were contemplating buying back their own shares.

What started out as an anticorruption investigation of unreported insider trading has led to a complete scrutiny of All-Car's financial statements. Supreme Court affidavits material states that between 1976 and 1978 All-World was used to

ediate Ali-Clin's revenue through pharmacy film contracts with privately owned Allied companies and a Laschman-based corporation. Evidence in the reversionary proceedings shows that on three successive Ali-Clin fiscal years—Aug. 31 of 1976-77-78, checks for identical seven-digit sums with identical signatures passed through three Allied bank accounts in the same Two Sonoma Park Plaza Hotel branch of the Bank of Nova Scotia. Money was shuffled from Ali-World to privately owned Allied companies and back again. Since Ali-World revenues constitute four-fifths of Ali-Clin's revenues, the big deal of black money appeared just in time for the holding company's year-end statement.

Shareholders, who have formed a protective association to represent public holders of more than half the 800,000 surviving shares, got some bad news when the court-appointed receiver, Clarkson, Co. told the court that, while the financial reports of All-Cam state the assets worth \$17 million, so far only 1,100 film in dusty containers have been found, most of them second-rate vintage features, cartoons and shorts. Yet to be found are the distribution rights, without which the films are valueless.

Angela Ferrante

The city that's losing its heads

Montreal Mayor Jean Drapeau was in a now-characteristic pose, unveiling a new project. But it was more cerebral than usual: he was explaining how "widerspan" can prevent Canada's metropolis of yesterday from becoming, in the words of Université de Montréal economist Fernand Mérieux, "a big Milwaukee." As an international economist, Mérieux is in trouble, losing out in the great continental drift of people, capital and head offices to western cities in North America.

Last week's ship-lung conference at Miramichi Plaza, just across Quebec's Commercial, where Draper, appeared with Quebec's Economic Minister, said—while noting the importance of fisheries and aquaculture—to provide more a diagnosis of just how serious Montreal's head office crisis really is. The meeting was calculated a work of funding between Quebec's economic development minister, Bernard Landry, and The Montreal's Ship, which ran a four-part series detailing the head office crisis and saying 300 head offices and 60,000 jobs have left Montreal since 1970. Landry called the 200 jobs "a small number" and says only 748 jobs have been lost; but counts only firms with more than 1,000 employees.

The economic report by Martin for the



Laundry (left) with Ghieslain Gauthier, a conservative vice-president, Conseil du Patronat; (near) Quebec Labor Congress President Louis Lefebvre; Groulx; a big Milwaukee?

© © Howe Research Institute which was also released last week, naming the MI weakness parallel also designed with Laundry a weakness. The report says that 10 police reinforce the position and may mean Montreal could lose up to two-thirds of its police force. © © 1998 News & Media Corp.

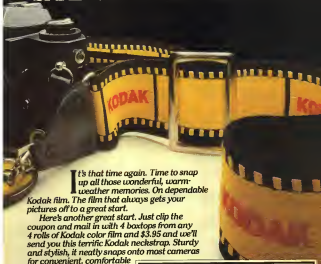
At the conference, Landry was reminded by Montreal-based corporations that they don't care for the ec's brand of social democracy, with its higher-than-Canada

years for the state earning more than \$33,000 a year and language legislation which excludes children at learning executives from English-language education after six years. But there were some solutions. He praised Royal Bank Chief Executive Officer Rowland Frazier for popularizing a popular plan to diagnose "Mother's" a special alternative head office plan, to hire consulting, professional and high technology research operations. Through all the talk, Mowbray said, I felt that by the comparison. Says the Chamber of Commerce president John Duncan: "We've been called names before, but we've never been the whipping boy."

Larry Buck

Larry Block

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Medicine

A cure blowin' in the wind

For an estimated three million Canadians, those hot, fuzzy days of mid-August signal, among other things, hazy noses and droopy, itchy eyes. The itchy is they have, and the droopy, and now have sought relief either through over-the-counter preparations or through a lengthy doctor's visit, or even a prescription of at least 20 prescriptions over many months.

But last month, with great fanfare, a new vaccine called Pollinex-R became available to the victims of common allergic Pollinex-R requires only four injections and has been tested as an excellent treatment. However, many allergists are looking at it with a cold eye. Dr. Ronald Eisenman, president of the Ontario Allergy Society, says that while the vaccine has passed safety regulations, preliminary data suggests the risk of delayed side effects may be unacceptably high and that the federal health department was overly cautious in approving Pollinex-R.

Pollinex-R was developed for the North American market by Britain's Beecham Group, following three years of clinical trials on 300 patients by allergists in Hamilton, Ontario, Toronto and Montreal. It is certainly no better than the existing treatments, though in fact it may be a little safer. The only advantage is lower costs, says Dr. Alan Knight, head of clinical immunology at Toronto's Sunnybrook Hospital.

Dr. Claude Boquet, head of the pediatric allergy clinic at Montreal's Maisonneuve Hospital, has been testing the vaccine for two years and cautions that serious cases usually have other allergies besides ragweed, so even if they avoid it, they could still have other allergies. This vaccine is designed for the moderate cases. Often these people have decided that the desensitization treatments aren't worth it. But by August they will be free.

Sam Barry

Don't wait! Send for Kelly Services, the temporary help people.

Many things are changes that will change your work schedule - a sudden rush of orders, a vacation, even bad weather. That's when you should call Kelly Services for help. Kelly will supply you with efficient, dependable temporary help for virtually any office need. Take a look at all the job classifications listed here. They're part of the Kelly Service Description System that works for people everywhere. You'll find everything from clerks, typists, and secretaries to business machine operators. The next time you need qualified, temporary help, don't wait, fill out and mail the coupon for more information, or call Kelly Services, the temporary help people. They're in the white pages of your phone book. Let Kelly's dependable qualified people help you.

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Tia Maria goes with Paris.
Tia Maria goes with milk.
Tia Maria goes with ice.
Tia Maria goes with Istanbul.
Tia Maria goes with him.
Tia Maria goes with Vodka.
Tia Maria goes with Janis.
Tia Maria goes with music.
Tia Maria goes with dessert.
Tia Maria goes with friends.



Tia Maria goes.

Science

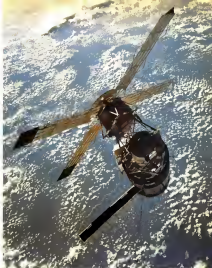
Coming out of the blue

Somewhere overhead, the world's most massive spacecraft is tracing a long, lazy spiral toward a spectacular and ominous finale. The hour is approaching when the abandoned U.S. space station Skylab will come crashing out of space in a shower of debris. Now, the same people who picked rocks from the moon—the U.S. National Aeronautics and Space Administration—are sheepishly confessing they haven't the faintest notion where the debris, some of it as heavy as an automobile, will strike the earth.

The final moments for the 78-ton bulk are expected to come early in July. As it plunges into the dense upper atmosphere at supersonic speeds, intense friction will send the spaceship's temperature skyrocketing, vaporizing all but about 500 pieces, which will scatter over a swath 4,000 miles long and 100 miles wide.

Although some of this fallout may weigh up to 2½ tons, Canadian and NASA officials are downplaying its danger to populated areas, pointing out that most of Skylab's flight path is over ocean and uninhabited land. Nevertheless, its orbit does take it over half of the earth's surface, explains NASA spokesman Richard G. Smith, and that area includes 90 per cent of the world population. "If you consider it on a casualty, you're not talking about a large risk, but it is definitely a finite risk." At the same time, officials are quick to point out that in 390 years there have been no fatalities from the 55,000 to 300,000 pounds of meteorites (some weighing more than 200 pounds) that fall to earth annually.

Apprehension over this runaway giant may well be most intense in Canada, following last year's alarming crash of a Soviet military satellite that sped more than 100 pounds of radioactive debris across the Northwest Territories and cost the Canadian government \$14 million to clean up. Unlike Cosmos 954, Skylab carries no radioactive material, but Ottawa has mobilized a special Skylab Response Group to co-ordinate the efforts of various levels of govern-



Skylab: "It's definitely a finite risk."

ment should a Canadian community be struck. The Canadian Forces and the RCMP will be standing by to provide assistance, and a nationwide network of portable hospitals and emergency medical supplies will be augmented by a fleet of helicopters and special communications equipment. The risk to Canadians, however, is judged to be "remote"—there is only a two-per-cent chance of any debris landing in Canada, according to NASA and Canadian officials.

For more than a year now, NASA scientists and engineers have vainly struggled to halt the plunge of Skylab by reducing the atmospheric "drag" on the 128-foot space station by remotely maneuvering the craft into a lower profile. They had hoped that they might keep it aloft until a rescue mission—the first space shuttle—could be launched on Nov. 9. The unopened inventory of the present 11-year shuttle cycle, however, finally scuttled this effort. High energy

radiation from a sunspot has expanded the upper atmosphere, thus increasing the "drag." The result has been a return to earth much earlier than was de-nominated in February, 1974.

For officials at NASA, Skylab's melancholy demise has become one big pain in the superlatives. As the Soviets are conducting space research and setting national endurance records as soon as their space station, Salyut 6, NASA is about to lose its only permanent space facility in an embarrassing \$2.6-billion fiasco. Moreover, the timing of the crash is uncomfortably ironic: Skylab is expected to fall within weeks, perhaps days, of the July 30 gala celebration marking the 10th anniversary of the first step on the moon. Just as Americans are about to remind the world of one of their greatest achievements, an ominous guest will come blundering out of the skies with the message that things at NASA are not quite a-ok.

Allen Bailey



The monsoon is a matter of life and death.

Technology

Tracking the why of the weather

The floodwaters have receded now in India's southern states of Andhra Pradesh, leaving nearly 1,000 dead, one million homeless, and the bloodied corpses of cattle lying in the mud. The cyclones which brought this devastation—the first in India's usual crop of summer disasters—has been replaced by a heat wave, with temperatures topping 85°C. Birds have been seen falling dead from trees because of the oppressive heat.

For the first time this year, watching the unpleasant annual pageant as scientists from the United States, the Soviet Union, and India race, and looking down at one of the biggest arrays of technology ever assembled to monitor the weather. The scientists are using nine earth satellites, 50 research ships, 150 aircraft, 300 high-altitude balloons, 300 drifting ocean buoys, 2,400 land stations, more than 1,000 commercial airplanes and about 7,000 weather ships. And all this to try and track the monsoon, which is brewing in the background.

Where it will strike, when, and with what intensity is a matter of life and death to thousands on the subcontinent. The sciences which might help predict disasters will be freely exchanged between Russian and U.S. scientists and processed through their own computers.

The monsoon experiment is not something which matters only to the 600 million people of India; it will eventually benefit Canadians too. It is only part of a massive international program to look at the world's weather, and try, to fashion the rules not only of predicting where harvests should be able to watch the Toronto Blue Jays in brilliant sunshine next Saturday, but also what sort of wheat crop Canadian farmers might expect in a few months' time.

Over the next few months in different parts of the globe, almost every breath of wind will be monitored, in a program with the acronym CLIMEX, the Global Atmosphere Research Program. Although the monsoon experiment has its own code name: MONEX.

When all the data has been analyzed, it could mean aircraft being re-routed well in advance to avoid storms and save fuel, irrigation projects in countries like India being confidently planned, families being moved in time from the paths of floods and cyclones, and even people just being able to arrange picnic parties without fear of being washed out.

At the moment, only about 15 per cent of the earth's surface is intensively monitored, and that is mostly over North America and Europe. This means scientists can, sometimes, reliably forecast tomorrow's weather, but to be accurate beyond a 10-day period, they need data on the whole earth, as far as the South Pole.

No one has bothered much about the tropics up until now, which is curious because that is where everyone's weather begins. Seventeen trillion kilowatts of solar energy hit the earth every day, mostly in the tropics and these act as a heat engine for the entire atmosphere. Warm, moist, tropical air rises and spreads out to the poles, while at the same time, colder polar air is sucked in toward the equatorial regions. This basic atmospheric pattern is constantly changed by the earth's rotation, by the continents, mountains, oceans and polar ice masses. No one understands exactly how, or why.

Scientists hope the answers will come out of computers in the world data centres located in Moscow and in the U.S. One of the U.S. laboratories which has the ability to conduct such detailed work is the Geophysical Fluid Dynamics Laboratory at Princeton, New Jersey, which uses an advanced scientific computer capable of handling 30 to 40 million bits of data per second.

Accurate long-range weather forecasts naturally also mean more money and—for a nation like India—more food. Knowing when to plant crops, and how much water and fertilizer will be needed to get top yields, can determine whether famine strikes.

The often ravaged nation of Bangladesh is at the moment in the grip of its worst ever drought, affecting almost the entire country and causing a major crop failure, estimated at one million tons of food grain. The water level of Rajshahi Lake in the southwestern district of Chittagong, has fallen by 1½ feet in only four days, causing a drastic reduction in the generating capacity of its hydroelectric power station and therefore a dropping-off in industrial production. As Bangladesh embels the latest of rains to below-the-belt blizzards, the first concerted attempt is being made to answer the basic question, why?

Peter Newswand

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Show Business

Thanks for the memory, thank you very mooch

So you loved them, yeh, yeh, yeh. Well, you can love them all over again. No, it's not an announcement that the Beatles, separated to these 30 years, have reunited. But it's the next best thing—Beatlemania, a remarkable dancing of the fabulous fear that has played in sold-out theatres in America for two years and opens in Toronto at the O'Keefe Centre June 28.

Beatlemania, in defiance of the axiom of geometry, is more than the sum of its parts. Here, there are three adora-

ble look-alike mop-toppers. And the huge amplifiers and synthesizers that so mesmerize the young audience. Laddled over that is an electrifying combination of the sights and sounds of the '60s that transforms the show-99 artfully grouped Beatles companions—5-mm just another rock concert to an over-arching symphony of changing times. If you grew up in the '60s and didn't wear blinkers, Beatlemania is a sometimes painful but always exhilarating trip home. More than a re-creation, it's four

cuddly Liverpool teen-agers, it's the performance of a generation—or, as one critic called it, a "rockumentary."

Apogee the behavior of the original Beatles volunteers, who still scream in all the appropriate places, fostering the largest entity of the Broadway theatres. For them, the guitars that flash on the huge backdrop screen and on the video-stage screens are the still of ancient history; for those whose lives were actually needed by the '60s, the images are unforgettable. Covers of old TV Gaudes fill the screen—a dimpled Dennis Day, Marilyn Monroe, an astonishingly selective as the 61 power that first brought her poping fame, Les Taylor, whose face had not yet succumbed to gravity, and John Garfield in the astronaut suit that symbolized high adventure before Star Wars.

Watching over 4,000 slides, we relive the moments that make the throat tighten: Martin Luther King Jr. burning with intensity, Jackie Kennedy in the light pink pillbox hat she wore on that awful day in Dallas, and then, of course, the Los Angeles hotel kitchen that ended the Camelot of the two Kennedy brothers. It all flashes before you with mind-boggling accuracy—the salivating troops at Kent State, the three-year lawsuit at Selma, Alabama, Rich-

ard and Shasta's famous farewell press conference, when, after losing the California governorship race, he promised the assembled journalists, "You won't have Nixon to kick around anymore." Overlaid on stage a billboard flashes the forgotten headlines that were yesterday's hot news: CAROL KAY CHANDLER'S NAME... LIGHT BULB BEATS OBSCURITY... RAP... NATIONS ASSOCIATES JURY OF THE CRIPPLED...

There are cheap thrills, as well, including enough shots of dreamily content flower children to suggest nobody had much time for anything in the

'60s except smoking grass. At the outset of the performance, a public address announcement warns the audience in heavily suggestive terms. "Smoking—coughing—is forbidden in the theatre." The producers have even added a private security guard to the corps of weather-beaten actors. His intervention—wouldn't you know it?—the lobby is incident of sweet sniffs of pot.

To ensure Beatle-like fidelity, the show's producers, Steve Lehrer and David Kiehl, auditioned over 2,000 aspiring rockers, making a final selection based on a combination of talent and

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appearance. For further indoctrination, the chosen clowns were dressed in a studio for nine men the arms in an Beetle sound and stage presence. Equipped with everything from wigs to false chins, and outfitted to reflect the sartorial evolution of the originals, the imitations are creditable duplicates. "Getting the word right was the most important thing," says Leber. "If we could only suggest the appearance and get the sound perfect, I knew we'd be okay." Perfect it's not, but on numbers like *My Wife and I* and *Let Me Be the Music* comes awfully close. The spoken word, how-

ever, is another matter when North American artists such as *Mengeddie* howl as "Thank you very much," the results sound like kindergarten biding rushed potatoes under their tongues.

Despite his faith in the appeal of the show, Leber was initially unwilling to subject it to the tender mercies of the critics. To elude the pressmen, who in the convention law of the theatre never review a production until the official opening night, *Beethoven* played for over a month in previews. Then an unscheduled cast party quietly marked the

opening, and by that time the critics (whose reviews in the end proved overwhelmingly favorable) were unable to damage *Beethoven's* reputation, spread through high-school cafeteria and locker rooms by word of mouth. "I'm not afraid critics," Leber says, "but I felt it was essential that real people have a chance to experience the show first. Who can tell me that an opening night on Broadway is made up of real people?"

Leber, in fact, feels *The Great White Way* goes over on a vote of thanks for finding a new audience. "Most of the kids who come to *Beethoven* would never have thought of any kind of live entertainment before except a rock concert. We are bringing a whole new generation to the theatre." If so, it's a favor Broadway has not thanked him for. "There's no doubt about it," he brags, "we've got very much reacted to the new kids on the block."

Success notwithstanding, Leber doesn't plan to capitalize on *Beethoven* with a similarly staged rock spectacular. "What can you do after the Beatles? There's the Bachs and Beethovens of our generation." And even those who like their Beethovens straight will have to admit that *Beethoven* goes a long way toward making Leber's case.

Rita Christoper

Law

Doctors on the docket: the high price of failure

Lawsuits against doctors are a reality of Canadian life, and—although the success rate is not high—the public's desire for getting doctors on the docket is steadily growing. In its September-October Annual Report, the Canadian Medical Protective Association (CMPA), a nonprofit professional association of which more than 35,000 physicians belong, states that lawsuits against doctors were up from 168 in 1973 to 323 in 1978—an increase that far outstripped the rate at which CMPA's membership grew. Not surprisingly, membership fees in the CMPA have jumped five-fold in six years, reaching \$650 in 1978. But this is a bargain when compared to annual premiums as high as \$15,000 for some physicians in the U.S., where many more doctors face much more expensive suits than in Canada.

The increase in Canadian court awards is due partly to inflation and to a longer life expectancy. Also, physicians practice increasingly risky procedures such as bypass surgery or highly toxic chemotherapy, which involve a higher chance of failure and subsequent litigation. And underlying the phenomenon is the drastic change in the attitude of the public toward physicians. "There is a trend to question the judgment of all professionals," says Dr. Norman Brown, the secretary-treasurer of the CMPA. "A patient who has had a procedure that failed or ended in complications will be angry with his doctor and feel that he has a right to some compensation. The old of thinking has come from the U.S."

The result is that many doctors have taken to practicing what is known as defensive medicine, subjecting patients to unnecessary tests so that—if sued—they can claim that they exercised every possible precaution. "When you know that you might get sued you have to be extra cautious," says Dr. Brown. This can hardly help affecting the quality of medicine being practiced, as Dr. Berne Stephenson, former president of the Canadian Medical Association has noted. "The individual patient may be subjected to bad medical care and the hazards of excessive investigation and at the same time be denied access to the benefits of relatively new treatments."

Yes, according to a 1975 article that appeared in the Canadian Medical

Journal, "Most legal actions result from errors of omission rather than commission. The utmost reports of the CMPA are liberally sprinkled with warnings that the principal factor leading to malpractice suits is a lack of meaningful physician-patient communication and most important, the inadequate recording of the medical history."

But despite the fact that malpractice suits are on the increase, patients who sue their doctors are successful less than 40 per cent of the time. A figure that has remained constant over the past 30 years. The charge is most often negligence, although that is the most difficult one to prove. To be on safe legal ground, a doctor does not have to make certain that a cure will result from a treatment. What he does have to do is "exercise only the degree of skill and care that could reasonably be expected of a prudent practitioner of the same

experience and standing. Something more than a mere error of judgment must be proved before a physician can be found liable," write Gilbert Sharpe and Glenn Sawyer in their immensely readable book on medical malpractice in Canada, *Doctors and the Law*.

For example, one Montreal surgeon who sued for malpractice because during an operation he pierced his patient's artery, and as a result the patient became paralyzed and died. Medical witnesses testified that such a mishap was an unfortunate but unavoidable risk of the operation. The judge dismissed the case against the doctor, ruling that he "took all necessary precautions," used all recognized professional methods and employed his professional proficiency, skill and technique to give his patient the best service he was capable of performing.

Doctors and lawyers would both like to see a reduction in the number of these lawsuits. "The public should know that 60 to 70 per cent of lawsuits against doctors are ultimately dropped or dismissed because of an invalid legal basis," says Dr. Brown. But it may be difficult to persuade a public that has what it feels are newfound rights and powers, and which views physicians as part of a privileged and moneyed elite.

Brenda Rabkin



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Down East: Russian roulette with a drill bit

"I'm concerned, first of all, about the patience of the white man. Because of his impatience, there is pollution over the world." With these words, Turi Atlatzo, the mayor of Punt Inlet, Baffin Island, signals the danger of the headlong scramble for new oil reserves taking place around the globe, but especially in his own backyard—along Canada's East Coast. Many Canadian scientists agree. They fear that the exploratory drilling, from northern Labrador to Nova Scotia, is simply a form of Russian roulette, where a loaded chamber in the revolver—a major oil spill—could wipe out a large part of the environment of the entire area.

The list of companies drilling this year off the East Coast reads like a Who's Who of the petrochemical industry: Esso, BP, Chevron, Mobil, Texaco, Total Eastern, Agip, Amstar, Columbia, Kaiser Resources, Petro-Canada, and more. The wells stretch from Mobil-Texaco-Pet's Venture D-35 off Nova Scotia, over the Grand Banks, along

Newfoundland's northeast coast and up Labrador, and on to the Argentine and El Salvador, north of 60 degrees latitude. In the Davis Strait One well in the Fennoscandia area, east of St. John's, will be the deepest off-shore well drilled anywhere in the world, going down more than 12,000 feet below the sea floor.

The concerns of environmentalists and scientists are focused on the Labrador and Newfoundland wells, and are basically two-fold: that an off-well blowout could not be brought under control, and that the fragile Arctic ecosystems might be devastated if flooded by vast quantities of crude oil and gas. Industry spokesmen and some government officials say that safety equipment is in place and could snuff out any blowout; and further, that the local plant and animal life would survive the hydrocarbon flood. But there is a body

Testing oil-spill cleanup equipment
"You're not going to pick it all up"

of environmentalists and scientists who take the antipodal view that, since we don't know exactly what would happen, it would be most prudent to anticipate the worst possible consequences. Especially since, as Dr. Ernie Reister, of the Centre for Child Ocean Resources Engineering told a recent gathering of concerned scientists in St. John's, "We do not have the technology to cope with a major oil spill off the coast of Labrador."

Of all the off-shore wells, only two have been subjected, before drill ships began their work, to thorough public hearings on the environmental threat they pose, and on any potential production problems—this because those two wells just happen to be located north of 60 degrees latitude, and therefore fall under a particular set of bureaucratic rules dictated by the department of Indian and northern affairs. The oil companies insist that since these are exploratory wells, not production wells, they carry little ecological danger.

But not all exploratory wells are dry—the companies wouldn't be drilling if they didn't suspect the presence of gas or oil—as the possibility of an accident, even at a disaster, cannot be ruled out. And, with only a few exceptions, the consensus among scientists is that nobody yet knows the possible effects of a disaster off Labrador; nor how to cope with one. Scientists know what species of birds and marine

Life might be affected, and any the impact of a disaster could be immense. Larry Coody, director of the Arctic Marine Oilspill Program (AMOP) says that Lancaster Sound, the Davis Strait and Labrador coast form one of the major funnels from the eastern Arctic, and that "biologically [it] is perhaps the most delicate spot in the world."

AMF, a part of the environmental protection service, was set up little more than a year ago in St. John's to coordinate the government's work with all other local agencies and departments in Arctic and Labrador waters. They will involve, over a period of years, testing existing technologies and developing new ones. "There are only a few companies doing a fair bit of research and development themselves, and there is still so much we don't know," says Goud. "If we can't find out what's going on out there, we still don't know how to deal with it either." However, there are other scientists, like Jerry Payne, from the department of fisheries, who says that the government is not yet open enough for marine oil spill or other undesirable [but] some journalists and scientists with a flair for extravagant popularization have had influence in a very negative way. He placed obstacles in our way on some issues.

As for the oil companies, they feel that they are prepared to handle any problems that arise during their exploration drilling. Eighteen operators have joined the American Petroleum Institute's Association (APIA), which in turn has set up an emergency coin-purchase and manage nearly \$3 billion of oil-drilling equipment. Tom Melnyk, from Rase Resources, is the manager of the APIA's emergency fund. He says that he's painted the cowboy boots with the Exxon logo. Melnyk looked a little out of place recently, on the steel plate dock of the CCGS Bladegate, which was being used as a mobile observation post. He was wearing a dark suit, and other vessels demonstrated the unpleasant officials. "If you have an oil spill, you're not going to pick it all up," Melnyk said. "If you do that, you will pick most of it up. And if you do that, you're done all right."

Whether or not that is, in fact, all right, the companies are drilling, and feel confident that there is little danger, since, they say, there has never been an accident from an exploratory well. The scientists say they don't know how many years it will take before they feel we are ready to drill off Labrador. If there is an accident, it will be the first in an exploratory well, and if it happens before the scientists have all the answers, it may also be the last.

Robert Plonkin

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What Johnny can't read

A U.S. school board has banned a book because it uses that famous quote from circus king P.T. Barnum: "There's a sucker born every minute." The board doesn't deny that Barnum was right. It just doesn't want the kids to know it. That sort of homespun, booster philosophy is "depressing" and produces "negative thought" in a growing number of self-proclaimed winners across the nation. Books with ideas like Barnum's are being removed from school library shelves in ever increasing numbers, a recent study by the National Council of Teachers of English has found.

The same Texas-based group which objected to Barnum's rough philosophy also complained about a reference in a Grade 8 reader to tractor, the United Nations children's fund, on the grounds that it is a "known Communist front." A group in Iowa has started a more serious book describing Darwin's theories of evolution. It's not just wild and risqué works that have drawn fire but also such classics as *Grapes of Wrath*, *Lord of the Flies*, *Anne Frank: Diary of a Young Girl*, and perhaps the greatest common target, *The Catcher in the Rye*.

The national council found at least 145 different titles had come under scrutiny across the U.S. In their most recent survey nearly half the 630 teachers responding to a questionnaire had received complaints about their choice of reading materials. "What is frightening," says council editor Philip Haim, "is that you can't tell where the objection will come from. Any book may be attacked at any time."

One major reason for the rise is emphasis on the council study is the great variety of educational materials and subjects discussed in schools today. Many parents find their children confronted with issues never touched on when they were young sex, drugs, politics. Some see contemporary books like *Go Ask Alice*, the story of a teen-age's bout with drugs and running away, as "anti-Christian, anti-parent, anti-government, immoral and obscene."

Rays Roger Frank of the American Library Association. "The public schools are clearly under attack because the publishers today are offering books on fiction for teen-agers that deal with sex,



They deal with one-parent families. They deal with racism. These censorship groups are trying to force the schools to produce ideological clones." Some regional book-banning groups have allied themselves with organizations with different but inflated aims. Said Frank. "The owners and the anti-abortionists for example are mutually compatible in many instances." But the national group pursuing school library maps from those banning the loss of old-fashioned values to those trying to rid schools of racism or sexism.

And then there is Norma Galder, perhaps the best-known advocate of book-banning in the U.S. Her organization, Educational Research Analysis, Inc. in Langview, Texas, carefully scrutinizes hundreds of textbooks for offending words and ideas. Her living room is reportedly filled with stacks of books from floor to ceiling. Mrs. Galder, a grandmother, says "Texans are spending more money on education than ever before and they have less to show for it. Whenever you choose materials with offensive language and no academic value, I think parents have a right to complain."

In many southern states, education panels issue lists of acceptable books to all local school boards and it is with these panels that the censorship groups hold great sway. Last year Norma Galder's group succeeded in disqualifying a book that portrayed women in careers outside the home because most women are in the home—where they

should be, according to the book's opponents. To portray women accurately, therefore, they should be seen as housewives and mothers.

Says one of Galder's critics "She'd try to convince you that a textbook was no good if it said that American Indians died at the hands of colonials moving west, except by accident. Her reason would be that it would lead to the deterioration of good relations between newcomers and the native Americans."

In some areas the would-be censors have tried to stop students from not only reading, but also writing what they consider offensive. There are at least a dozen court cases now pending involving school newspapers and interference by teachers or parents. While a 1969 Supreme Court ruling established students' rights to free speech, it has not always discouraged the blue-pencil brigade.

Last year a New Mexico high-school newspaper editor wrote an editorial on birth-control information available to teen-agers. When a panel of teachers and students refused permission to publish it, the young journalist—aided by her lawyer father—appealed to the local school administrators and won.

But the last word in censorship comes from Cedar Lake, Indiana. There a book was removed from the high-school library because it contained 30 or 40 words that were "obscene or otherwise inappropriate" for high-school students. It was the American Heritage Dictionary. Catherine Fox

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Clothed in a suit of secondhand pain

NORSE CHOICE
by William Styron
(Random House, \$16.00)

What strange North American fetish which insists on putting up 50 French and Chinese restaurants per city for each one featuring home-town cooking very often finds its counterpart in literature. Secondhand experiences are made part of Americana by the addition of costly familiar farthing and the eclogical translation of different parts of the menu. This is true as a culinary level, but it is a less fortunate approach in writing, especially

when it comes to books about events of great moment.

In this vein we have American novelist William Styron. His Pulitzer Prize-winning novel *The Confessions of Nat Turner* (1967) gave us slavery-second-hand-as-white-liberal's useful-thinking. Styron's account of the 1831 slave uprising led by Nat Turner added historically false embellishments of rape and necrophilia to the accomplishments of the runnypating Negroes as well as intricate mechanisms in which slave leader Turner realized the essential oneness between himself and his white masters. This must have been very reassuring for Styron. As author Stephen Vincent pointed out in his essay on the book "It is so comforting to think that even those who would find us unwelcome or even our victims sympathetic with the compelling necessities which oblige us to persecute them."

In his new novel, *Norse's Choice*, Styron sidetracks to incorporate Anachrony into the North American landscape. The vehicle is a volcanic love story between Sophie, a sensuous-but-well-emancipated Polish Catholic survivor of the camp, and her paranoiac schizoid Jewish-American boy-friend. The narrative of the book is a stylized version of a novel Styron brings, as he is called, the struggling writer from Virginia, becomes the pale waifing-in-the-wings lover of Sophie, tooting in his bed as he flutters through the thin walls of the Brooklyn rooming house to the bedquitting gestures of Polish wail and American Jew. This is America, 1947, and against the background of the Nuremberg trials and their stonemason captives reveals her all to Sophie. It is a tale of a victim and her guilt. Her Greek secret, so fondly learnt, is that she came from a pre-Nazi Polish family and tried to ensure her survival at Auschwitz by an accepted seduction of camp commandant Hiss.

Styron gives a doctinal tale, of a tale in what you are looking for in an account of Auschwitz. The pages which follow opened with fascinating insights on the Anachrony and much common sense on the nature of evil, the dark crevices of the human mind—and body—and so on. That's all very well. It may be that it is not for the dreadful, vulgar portrayal

of the Holocaust on American television as entire generations of North Americans would never have understood anything about Nazism.

But there is a horrid feeling of plastic concentration camp here, of Anachrony and gas chambers for the living men. And worse, of Anachrony as an experience to be coped with by William Styron in grandiose therapy session. This is animal stress, not for the victim who needs none, but for the novelist-novelist. When one reads a book like *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* the book's authenticity has a message for all mankind.

The point is not experience as such, Dante managed to convey the essence of Purgatory without ever having been there. The authenticity of great literature is independent of the personal experience of the author, though as in the case of Solzhenitsyn it may horrify. The point, apart from a question of talent, is the focus of an author's vision. In Styron's case, it seems to be only his North American middle-class self. The narrator goes to sleep on a Caye Island beach, he is said filled with ghoulish sensations and the tragedy of Sophie's suicide suicide, his sleep is an escape from it all. He wakes up "blessing my resurrection," alive, at peace with himself. One soldier if quite so many people had to die in order for North Americans to enjoy the catharsis of "working through" secondhand pain. It seems a hell of a way to use hell.

Barbara Amiel

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

- FICION
- 1 The Morning Circle, London (10)
 - 2 Gold as Gold, New York (2)
 - 3 War and Remembrance, Wauke (4)
 - 4 Overload, Haly (3)
 - 5 Champagne, Michigan (3)
 - 6 Ghoul Stars, Ghoul (3)
 - 7 The Pigeon Project, Wallace (3)
 - 8 The Island, Ranchy
 - 9 Boston, Massachusetts (1)
 - 10 Children of My Heart, Roy

- NON-FICION
- 1 Beyond Reason, Thelma (1)
 - 2 How to Invest Your Money and Profit From Inflation, Shuman
 - 3 Lawrence Sanders By Myself, Social (2)
 - 4 How to Become a Billionaire in the Coming Bad Years, Platt (3)
 - 5 Sophie Living and Loving, Melville (2)
 - 6 Momma Dearest, Crawford (4)
 - 7 All One With the Sea, James (4)
 - 8 Opened on Fish, Duane (3)
 - 9 The Complete Scientific Medical Diet, Yankovsky (1)
 - 10 My Gables, Llanquay (1)

1. *Phantom Book
Phantom Book and the
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Phantom Book and the

Styron in a plastic concentration camp

'Apocalypse' already unholy hell



Films

Using darkness to bring light to Cannes

By Richard Corliss

SOON after takeoff, the captain of a transatlantic flight to New France, announced apologetically that none of the crew seemed to know the title of the in-flight movie. "Maybe it's a weak preview of *Apocalypse*

selected amount of gossip and second-guessing—dominated the film chat of 9,000 moviegoers, journalists, exhibitors and occasional students of the liveliest art. Even the festival's host, Cannes' couturier seemed more interested in the adventures of Coppola than in the trauma of *Trauma*.

Coppola's 141-minute film was shown as a work-in-progress in competition for the grand prize, which it shared with *Germany's The Tin Drum*. Already it's the most analyzed film since Abraham Zapruder's home movie of the John Kennedy assassination. Cautiously programmed as the festival's centerpiece, *Apocalypse* provoked fistic talk with a week of Jewish anticipation ("How long will it be? What culture will be used?") and a week of postulations and postmortems ("Can it make money? Why did he use that ending?").

Like *Heart of Darkness*, the Joseph Conrad novella that provided screenwriter John Milius with his initial inspiration, *Apocalypse Now* tells the story of a boat ride into the jungles of human horror and despair—set this time in the jungles of America's own nightmare, Vietnam. Captain Willard (Martin Sheen) is sent from Saigon on a mission to "terminate with extreme prejudice" Colonel Kurtz (Marlon Brando), a model career soldier driven insane by the war, and who now rules over thousands of Cambodian Montags as a demon deity, a combination of Jim Jones and King Kong. The error journey that comprises the movie's first 90 minutes contains some of the most spectacular war footage—and filmmaking—in cinema history. As surreal as Werner Herzog's German masterpiece *Agguirre, Wrath of God*, yet fitted with the grace and energy of the best American thrillers, these early sequences both involve and implicate the movie's audience in the unholy thrill of frenetic carnage. You are in the cockpit of a bomber as it dives toward its target, crossing villages and desecrating hate. While the all-American technicians of death, aptly named Kilgore (Robert Downey), say cryptically, "I love napalm. It smells like... victory," you can both despise his madness and adore it. And as the film reaches its climax, you may smell victory in Coppola's hard-fought battle to make his film.

Apocalypse Now never quite matches this scene, or recovers from it. Kilgore is such a superb embodiment of official American insanity in Vietnam—the best of darkness with a touchy Roosevelt Brando and a John Wayne strutting Brando's Kurtz can provide only a murky anticlimax, quoting T.S. Eliot and looking like a sustained Tully Shock

also. At the moment when the film should reach its denouement, it simply unravels.

At Apocalyptic's first Cannes screening for 2,500 film journalists—Coppola himself provided a slam-bang dinner in the course of an onstage press conference, Coppola denounced the

maker who had moved so close to his own heart of darkness that he had lost perspective on what was, finally, "only" a movie.

Personal director Gilles Jacob, who had chosen Apocalyptic after seeing an hour of it, and who said that Coppola had decided to enter his film in competition because he believed that "every film should compete," agreed with the consensus that the U.S. had, at least for now, the most interesting national cinema in the world. Indeed, without Apocalyptic and its attendant controversy—and without a strong lineup of Ameri-

Coppola leaving Nielsen's palace to play dead (above) and at Cannes, out of the jungle and into the bulls!



American great like U.S., that is Canadian journalists remain above reproach) as "decadent, lying, and unethical," and charged that not one serious story had been written about his movie Apocalyptic was, he asserted, "not a movie. It's a work of art"—and it wasn't about Vietnam, it was Vietnam. "The sexuality that made this film was Kurt's sexuality."

A few members of the press corps meddled: that *Hustler* of Denmark had been based on an expedition Conrad had taken into the Congo in 1890, and from which he emerged a changed man. Sixteen months in the *Midway* jungles must have had something like the same effect on Coppola. The godfather of the New Hollywood saw now himself as an isolated artist, a lonely pure dreamer by "days that I had made into years." Others saw him, on the evidence of Apocalyptic Nine, as a most talented film-

man. *Unbroken*, *Blue... John Huston's* *Warrior* *White Blood* were shown out of competition—Cannes 1979 would have been one of the dullest in years.

The French has not with Jacob but with the static state of world cinema. Directors who five years ago were revolutionizing the notion of narrative film with their own baroque and frightening visions have turned increasingly to the kinds of projects that would have pleased Irving Thalberg: careful adaptations of successful novels, plays, and old movies. The new conservatism proved a challenge only to the journalists: there was much scurrying to the English-language goals of local bookstores, the better to "re-read" Conrad, Flannery O'Connor ("*White Blood*"), Henry James (*John Jay's The Europeans*), and Gertrude Stein ("*Warrior*"), and Günter Grass (*My*

Vulker Schöndorff's film of Grass's *The Tin Drum* that, in this year of anomic sensationalism, at least kept readers awake and entertained with its series of black and blue shots about an errand boy growing—well, not exactly up—older in Hitler's Germany. There was little surprise when the festival jury headed by novelist Françoise Sagan gave the main prize between the most notable ambitious failures (Apocalyptic) and the most aggressive maverick pastiche (*The Tin Drum*). Acting awards went to Jack Lemmon for *The China Syndrome* and Sally Field for *Norma Rae*.

And where were the Canadians during all this? Well, they weren't represented in the main competition. And they weren't making many waves with the dozen or so films shown at the Cannes theatre rented as a national showcase. The series wasn't in the theatres or in the hotel rooms—it was on the beachfront terraces of Cannes's two poshest hotels, the Carlton and the Majestic. And the Oscars aren't talking: none co-screened, but it was all prophetic, and a long, or, rather also of the English-language market.

The Canadians showed that they had learned an important lesson: Cannes is big business. Forget what you have heard about its being an operation of film art. For two weeks, exhibitors in Tourists advertising their latest film sit with their backs to the Côte d'Azur and take part in the industry's grandest garage sale. The Canadians came prepared to exploit this opportunity—with one of the largest foreign contingents at Cannes and with a warehouse full of "product" designed to appeal to the international market. Michael McCabe, the dynamic executive director of the Canadian Film Development Corporation, has persuaded producers and distributors from around the globe that Canada was ready to compete—if not for the Palme d'Or then for a more bankable kind of gold.

The idea of Toronto, Montreal, and Vancouver as significant outposts of Hollywood is an appealing one, especially when the new government may be looking hard at the CFDC as a money-making (or at least money-generating) state agency. The question remains, though, for Canadian film-makers in Cannes and back home: will the influx of Canadian partners, with foreign state and foreign co-financing, result in good movies that are also incoherently Canadian? Will the new green wave leave us *Outrageous*, a *Whodunnit* in *White on Black*—or *Justice*, an action-adventure movie like *City on Fire* and *Runaway*? The Canadian film industry could do far worse than it's doing: Canadian film could hope to do a lot better.

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'The two female profiles we contemplate have nothing to do with haircuts or teeth'

By Allan Fotheringham

Don't forget that before we had democracy, the women didn't do lady-fairly Queens Elizabeth I, Queen Victoria. Women in power have done very well for Britain. —Margaret Thatcher

While I shift now to the hottest movie around, *Memento*, the latest snuff made the fevered mind of Woody Allen. Woody, in the currently familiar 40-ish age, has taken to bed with 37-year-old Mariel Hemingway because Woody's wife has left him to sleep with another woman, taking their son along with her. The revenge of the sexes is now complete: ditching the drudge for the Robert Redford up the block is boring enough—dumping him for a girl-friend who is better not only in conversation but in the sack is the final blow to what an infelicitous male confidence. 1979 Woody knows how to wound us all.

What we are into here is the gleeful romp of the prehistoric. Chaps who have for years regarded the howling night out as the first preliminary step to Gonorrhea are now nervously looking over their shoulders at the millionaires: Lucien and I, joined together with the hating average, is not clear whether her interest is in her fatty torso or a long-distance date with her libido. Every time she takes out the garbage, you're not really sure whether she's going to keep on going to a rendezvous in a landscape as intense in itself as the last, leaving you with the glass-half-full and those yucky pass that won't fit into the dishwasher. A man is afraid to go to work, fearful that the imagination is at work at home.

The reflexive, as always, rises to the top. It is not just that two 50-year-old women, the latest Queens Liz and Mrs Thatcher of the canoodle hour, now confer regularly over tea as to the fate of that hopelessly charming land I would suggest the two most powerful influences in Washington and Ottawa, Margaret Thatcher and the Queen, the lady of iron fist, Elizabeth Carter, and

the young mother, old beyond her years, Maureen McTear. Both have behind, ambitious husbands who are afraid to open up.

In both cases, the women are content that goes beyond support and toothes as the norm. It's a different situation from the past, of course, from Indira Gandhi, or Mrs. Bandaranaike in Sri Lanka, or Golda Meir (Woodie Bels, Albus or Rosemary Brown, is retrospectively regarded as "meat" the famous remark that Golda was "the only man in the Israeli cabinet.") Better to contemplate



the celebrated guests of Charlotte Whetton that a woman had to be considered twice as bright as a man to be considered half as good. "Fortunately, that is not hard."

So we've moved some small way even from the 1978 convention that elected Joe Clark when senators of Flora MacDonald stood scrupulously that some 500 delegates wearing Flora buttons filed through the voting machines—that coughed up exactly 214 votes for her on the first ballot. Fear of flying burst in the ballot box. It will be interesting to see whether Clark—who is praised solely by voters close to him as being completely unopposed about the other sex and who in university in his rare selections always selected bright, independent women—will actually attempt to do anything to lift the now overused scales of the sexist. All those right-wing Tories, after all, have been over since precisely the sign of



Herbert Hoover (not to mention John Bracken), are lurking in the wings waiting to get children and get penis back in the mines.

Woody Allen says arrogantly in his movie that he always heard people would want for life—like puggles and Cuddles.

Alan, in the era of these sexes, the relatively safe option of wife-snapping has gone the way of saddle shoes. When Gay Power ranks with SAT talks and Three Mile Island as over stories on the news, it's clear the millennium will be more than somewhat down the scale. We're to the stage now of men scrambling over their commitment to the feminist cause.

The playwright Rick Santer, in *This Museum*, takes the broadsword to Robert Fulford, editor of *Evening Night*, for Fulford (a latter-day convert to feminism really) asserting that the battle has been won and it is now all downhill for the ladies. When members of the male insect class jostle for positions in the front row of the audience, we know that we're onto a winning cause.

What's going on here is a battle of the trenches, some what akin to the Somme and Passchendaele, where the sex that has been too cocky too long and in a flail of resolutions does not have the mental stamina over time to stand off the steady sniping. All you have to do is gaze over the counter in any bank and regard the sartorial anxiety it's clear the real thing we have to fear is not white-collar crime.

It's indicative, for example, that the two female profiles we contemplate in Ottawa and Washington have nothing to do with haircuts and teeth. Jackie and Margaret. There are now two rather grim, determined ladies, Rosemary and Margaret. The ladies who jog so they can appear spry at cocktail parties, in fact, are to blame for it all. It's never going to be the same again, in

Berry, bowline knots.

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